

THE

SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

PREFACE FROM THE MASS .. OF THE SACRED HEART

IT IS truly meet and just, right and availing unto salvation, that at all times and in all places we give thanks to Thee, O Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Everlasting God: Who didst will that Thy only-begotten Son should be pierced by the soldier's lance as He hung upon the cross, so that from His riven Heart, as from a treasury of Divine bounty, He might pour out on us streams of mercy and grace, and that in His Heart, always burning with love of us, devout souls might find rest and penitent souls asaving refuge. And therefore with the angels and archangels, the thrones and dominions, and the whole host of the heavenly army we sing the hymn of Thy glory, saying again: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in ✠ ✠ the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. ✠ ✠

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Aug. 25	St. Bartholomew
Sept. 8	Nativity of Mary
Sept. 22	St. Matthew
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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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ACROSS THIS EDITOR'S DESK

AN immense amount of good could be accomplished by the Catholic Press with its hundreds of thousands subscribers and readers. And undoubtedly much good is being done. Unfortunately, however, many of our periodicals fall far below the right standard both in physical make up and intellectual content. Whatever good they are doing is not the result of their presentation of Catholic thought or their defense of the Faith, but of their efforts in promoting some missionary or other enterprise. Some of them are mere "beggar sheets," having a *cause* but lacking a *content*. This is written to bring to the attention of our readers the financial needs of a very splendid periodical, *The Commonweal*, a Weekly Review of Literature, the Arts and Public Affairs.

THE COMMONWEAL was started eight years ago. It was a fresh and different line of Catholic defence and aggression conducted by a group of outstanding laymen. It is not a periodical for the more or less uneducated person and, therefore, cannot hope ever to have a very great circulation. From its inception it has been largely dependent for its existence on the generous donations of a few convinced Catholics, and some non-Catholics who believe in the spread of Catholic culture. The paper has been hit hard by the depression, many of its benefactors being obliged to withdraw or considerably diminish their support. It will be a disgrace to American Catholics if *The Commonweal* is obliged to suspend publication for lack of a few thousand dollars.

IN this issue Mr. Belloc continues his series of character studies of the English Reformation. We venture to say that nowhere, in his multitudinous writings, has he given a clearer presentation of persons and causes of the break from the Church than in these short papers. We are arranging for other articles by him on the completion of the present series. It will interest our readers to know that in the Fourth Annual Catholic Action Crusade of Marygrove College, Detroit, May 9-20, no less than 39 papers were read by the students treating of the literary productions of Mr. Belloc as historian, critic, publicist, poet, apologist and defender of the Faith.

LAST February Rev. James Gillis, C. S. P., Editor of *The Catholic World*, wrote a deserved denunciation of Theodore Dreiser, author of "Tragic America." Excerpts: "As Catholics, Mr. Dreiser, we lament the fact that you are a renegade from the Faith. . . . You rejected religion. And don't fool yourself about the reason. As a boy, when you went to Mass, didn't you sometimes hear from the Gospels, 'Blessed are the pure of heart for they shall see God?' And with your active mind didn't you realize that, contrariwise, 'cursed are the impure of heart because they shall see only the devil?' That's your plight, Mr. Dreiser. . . . Get out of the gutters. Come up from those sewers. Be decent, be clean, and America won't seem so tragic." Mr. Dreiser later offered \$100 to any magazine with 100,000 circulation for reprinting as an ad Father Gillis' paper with a short letter from an anonymous Brooklyn Catholic. We have the circulation and we need the money, but we wouldn't get the ad. We're quite sure of that.

IN "Will Power versus Lust" Mr. Frank H. Spearman answers Dreiser's charges that recently appeared in two articles in *Liberty*. *Liberty* and *The American Mercury* refused to print the answer. These pagan magazines

set up men of straw and evidently do not care to have anyone knock them down. The article is a plain statement . . . a case of fighting the devil with fire.

REV. NEIL McBREARTY (The Oldest Catholic Republic) is the secretary of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Leo Kirkels, C. P., Apostolic Delegate to India. § Rev. Albert F. Kaiser, of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, is a Cleveland pastor. § Gabriel Francis Powers (The Miracle) has been with us from the beginning and has been our Rome correspondent for the past ten years. § John M. Ducey (A Strange Candidate for Sainthood) is an undergraduate at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. § Rev. Ferdinand Valentine (Seeing and Believing) is a Dominican of the English Province. § Rev. Daniel M. O'Connell, S. J. (Our Gaelic Strain) is a member of the Jesuit Provincial's staff of Chicago. § Charles F. Ferguson (The Divine Craftsman) is a convert clergyman.

FATHER ADRIAN LYNCH, C. P., continues his series on the Canon Law of Marriage (Second Marriages). What particularly pleases us about this series is that so many priests have enthusiastically commended it. Of course, we are again fortunate in having another story (A Sack of Potatoes) by Enid Dinnis. Appropriately this story has an Irish story. It is illustrated by Florence Harrison, who, like Miss Dinnis, is a convert. Daniel B. Pulsford (The Place of the Sinner) will conclude his study in the Actors of the Sacred Passion in the July issue. He will begin a new series, we hope, on Christ Crucified in the August issue.

AS usual, interest in the Sign Post continues unabated. We apologize to many correspondents for delay in answering their questions. This is due solely to lack of space. Two communications in this issue are of unusual importance. One on The Catholic Theatre Movement by Alfred Young of Brooklyn, and the other on The Negro Question by Dr. Fall, a Chicago member of the Catholic Negro Federation. It is needless to say that we do not agree with the contentions of all our correspondents. We print them to elicit comment, particularly if they deal with present-day subjects of interest to Catholics.

WE are fortunate this month in our poets. John Bunker (Friend); Father Callistus Stehle, O. S. B. (Flames); Florence Harrison (Song); Lillian Amy Powers (Legend); Sister Miriam (The Presence). The simple verses (Teresa of the Child Jesus) by Gerald E. Ward have a special significance, as may be seen in Michael Williams' accompanying note.

THANK God, our missionaries in China are far removed from the conflict between the Chinese and the Japanese, and so their letters deal with the every-day life of missionary activity in Hunan. Father Michael A. Campbell, C. P., introduces us to an odd character in A Bowing Acquaintance With a Bonzess. A thriller, if you like the kind, is given by Father Edward J. McCarthy, C. P., in A Pagan Sidelight on Death. And Father Gregory McEtterick, C. P., tells of a missionary's consolation in The First Baptism at Ngan Kiang.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

THE tragic kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby has aroused the sympathy of the world for the bereaved parents. That the perpetrators of this singularly heinous crime have not yet been brought to justice is not remarkable. The detection of crime is not always easy and sure

An American Industry Vested and Powerful

even in the best governed countries; and the United States is especially handicapped by its enormous extent and polyglot population. What staggers the imagination of foreign countries is our state of society in which criminals can prey even upon babies, and our violent inequalities in the distribution of wealth which makes it a profitable business for these criminals to organize themselves for such a purpose. With the advent of Prohibition the criminal profession became a definitely organized branch of industry. Prohibition itself was a crime, and it led directly to the setting up of a new vested interest—bootlegging. But this interest did not limit its activities to any one form of lawlessness. It operates wherever it sees a profit, just like any other business undertaking. How powerful the business has become may be judged from the fact that Colonel Lindbergh felt himself compelled, at the loss of \$50,000, to appeal to the underworld for help in recovering his baby.

A LITTLE over six years ago Father Joseph Straus, C. SS. R., began, in a very obscure way, a great work in developing vocations to our various sisterhoods. Twelve young ladies were the first recruits to second his efforts. Under the name of "The Little Flower Mission Circle" they formed an organization that was quite novel. Not knowing how it would develop, they pledged secrecy about the real purpose of the organization. Six years later over eight hundred active members have been enlisted, over two hundred of whom have joined different religious communities, and nearly one hundred have already taken the vows of Religion. We agree with Father Straus when he says that the same sublime work, with proportionate success, can be carried out in every part of the United States. That we need a greatly increased number of vocations to our brotherhoods and sisterhoods, there can be no doubt. In the words of Cardinal Hayes, "The very existence of our Catholic schools, not to speak of their efficiency, depends upon an increase of vocations to the Religious Life." Father Straus is publishing, as the organ of his work, a small quarterly, which may be

Two Hundred of Them, and Only a Beginning

obtained from him at 389 East 150th St., Bronx, New York City. Its purpose is the prudent, zealous and systematic cultivation of religious vocations among girls. We most heartily commend the quarterly to the clergy and members of Religious Orders.

It seems that the Methodists have found time to think about something besides Prohibition. And it is almost startling to find them adopting traditional types of ecclesiastical architecture, vested choirs and liturgical services. Under authority of the 1928 General Conference, the Methodist Episcopal Church Commission on Worship and Music has issued two orders of worship. The first of these follows:

The Methodists Go In for Liturgy

"Let the people kneel or bow in silent prayer upon entering the Sanctuary; Prelude (the people in devout meditation); Call to worship, which may be said or sung; Hymn; Prayer (to be said by all, the people seated and bowed or kneeling); Silent prayer—Words of Assurance—the Lord's Prayer; Anthem or Chant, which may be the *Venite* or *Te Deum*; Responsive reading, followed by the *Gloria Patri* (the people standing); Affirmation of Faith (the people standing); Lesson from Old and New Testament Scriptures; Prayer (the people seated and bowed, or kneeling); Offertory; Hymn (the people standing); Sermon; Prayer (the people seated and bowed, or kneeling); Hymn or Doxology (the people standing); silent Prayer—Benediction (the people seated and bowed, or kneeling); Postlude."

Many Methodists, we fear, will strongly object to the kneeling business, and the Commission showed wisdom in providing for "seated and bowed or kneeling." But surely trouble must be expected from the use of the very terms, and in Latin, of the abominated Romish Church.

TWO distinguished Anglican ministers, the Rev. George David Rosenthal, M. A., vicar of St. Agatha's Church, Birmingham, England, and the Rev. Cecil E. Russell, organizing secretary of the Anglo-Catholic Congress, are spending three months in this country and Canada for the purpose of creating interest in the centennial of the Oxford Movement, which began on July 14, 1833. That Movement did more than anything else since the Reformation to center the

The Centennial of the Oxford Movement

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attention of the non-Catholic nations on the Catholic Church and was the occasion of the conversion of many eminent churchmen to the Faith, the most prominent among them being John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman.

The leaders of the Movement were a small body of university men who were Protestants in training and education but who firmly believed in certain fundamental teachings of the Faith. They harked back to the writings of the early Fathers of the Church and discovered that the Church of the first centuries was not Protestant, whatever else it might have been. Some of the leaders became Catholics, while others remained in the Anglican Establishment and started a new sect calling itself Anglo-Catholic, which is half Catholic and half Protestant. The Movement wrought untold good in stemming the tide of Liberalism and in insisting that the article of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," should be restored in all the fullness of its meaning.

If the centennial commemoration of the Movement contributes anything like the original Movement to a Catholic Revival, we most cordially wish all the luck in the world to the campaign of Messrs. Rosenthal and Russell.

■ ■ ■

A RECENTLY published pamphlet of the London Catholic Truth Society deals with the Church in Sweden. Much of its information will be news to a great

Present Position of the Church in Sweden

many of our readers. Larger than Italy, Prussia or Great Britain, and four times the size of Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg and Switzerland put together, Sweden has a population of 6,000,000. Of these there are only 4,000 Catholics. Catholic churches and stations number 10. These are served by 20 priests. "The period of Sweden's political greatness coincides with the period when the Protestant religion flourished most in the country." . . . "The Lutheran State Church of Sweden is endowed with an official monopoly, and Swedish laws contain many oppressive clauses of exception against the Catholic Church. The Lutheran clergy keep the registers of births, marriages and deaths even for those people who are not members of the State Church."

The attention of those who speak of Protestant tolerance towards their Catholic brethren in Protestant countries might well note the very recent date of these Swedish enactments: "By an Ordinance of the year 1910 the Catholic clergy were deprived of this right of keeping the registers, and since that date it has become almost impossible to obtain any knowledge of the Catholics who may happen to enter the country. Another law requires Catholics to pay rates to the State Church, although on a diminished scale. If a Catholic wishes to marry he is obliged to go to the Protestant clergyman for a certificate that he is free to do so. Even when both parties intending to marry are Catholics, they are obliged to publish the banns in the Protestant church of their parish. *These laws do not date from the sixteenth or seventeenth century, but from the year 1911.* According to the existing law a Swede who intends to become a member of the Catholic Church must twice inform the Lutheran clergyman of his parish of the fact; on one of these occasions he must do this in person. Between these two notices of change of religion, there must elapse a period of at least two months, thus allowing the Protestant clergyman time to admonish and to warn the 'pervert' as the convert is considered to be. . . . In addition, the Catholic Church cannot, without Royal permission, become the owner of land or buildings. Special penal para-

graphs forbid the existence in Sweden of monasteries and Religious Orders. Members of the Cabinet as well as teachers in the primary schools must be members of the Evangelical Lutheran religion. And other officials, if they happen to become Catholics, risk losing their positions."

Bishop Muller, the Vicar Apostolic of Sweden, contributes an introductory note to the pamphlet, in which he says, "May this little work be blessed by God and win sympathy and support for the Catholic Church in Sweden."

■ ■ ■

FOR years THE SIGN has been an enthusiastic advocate of preaching Catholic doctrine from the soap-box and on the street corners, and no one rejoices more than ourselves at the progress that this form of Catholic Action is making in various parts of the country. The pioneer was Mr. David Goldstein, a convert from Judaism, who has devoted the major part of his adult life to open-air exposition of Catholic truth. He was ably seconded by Mr. Edward Warren Joyce and other gentlemen of Boston.

The Lay Teacher on the Street Corner

Recently the Catholic Evidence Guild of New York has been heard in regular weekly programs over Station WLBX. The lectures have been given and the questions answered by laymen, mostly lawyers, who have absorbed a long and thorough course in dogmatic and apologetic literature under the able direction of Father Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J.

From the Southwest comes word of the inauguration of street preaching by Father Stephen A. Leven and Victor Reed on the Court House lawn in Oklahoma City. From the same stand they will lecture and answer questions every Monday evening until September. In the meantime they are conducting a class in Christian evidences, and it is their hope that shortly all the lecturing will be done by the laity.

In the Archdiocese of Baltimore two branches of the Evidence Guild have been established, one in Baltimore and the other in Washington. These are under the immediate direction of a board of four priests, appointed by Archbishop Curley, whose duty it will be to examine and license all candidates who aspire to do the work of the Guild by setting forth Catholic teachings on the street corner, over the radio, or through any other appropriate and available channel.

■ ■ ■

WE have always been convinced that Time would justify the peace efforts of Pope Benedict XV. The world is beginning to realize, seventeen years after the

Prince Von Bulow Justifies Pope Benedict XV

event, his heroic strivings to stop the carnage of the War during the first months of 1915. One of the best fitted to speak of those harrowing days is Prince Von Bulow, the third volume of whose "Memoirs" has lately appeared. A former Chancellor of the German Empire, he was sent to Rome with the express purpose of preventing Italy from joining the Allies. He writes:

"Pope Benedict XV strove for peace—firmly and prudently, with entire benevolence, great wisdom, without once overstepping the limits set by his ecclesiastical function—as a true representative on earth of the eternal Prince of Peace should strive for it.

"I shall always remember it as an honor that my efforts received his support. He wished the Hapsburg

monarchy to survive, since Austria was the last great Catholic power. But he could see quite clearly that war must come if the Dual Monarchy went on hesitating to sacrifice at least the Trentino. The Pope, who loved Italy, his country, really desired that her aspirations might be fulfilled, in so far as this was in any way compatible with the survival of a Catholic dynasty.

"But to him the supreme duty of the War was to end the carnage as soon as possible or, in any case, limit its extension.

"He charged Cardinal Piffi, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna, to speak in this sense to the old Emperor. Francis Joseph, then eighty-four, received the Cardinal, who, modestly and timidly, repeated his instructions of the Holy Father's wishes.

"The Emperor would not even let him finish. His old face crimson with rage, he seized Piffi's arm and literally thrust him from the room.

"Francis Joseph was a true son of the Church, a very devout and practising Catholic, but his feelings as a Hapsburg had got the better of him.

"At Easter (1915)," proceeds Von Bulow, "His Holiness sent my wife his Apostolic Blessing, with a message to me that he prayed for the success of my mission."

Nor was Von Bulow alone in his estimation of the Pope's peace efforts. Even his political opponent and successor in the Chancellorship, Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, was trenchant in his criticism of the Austrian Emperor's refusal to listen to the Holy Father's peace proposals. In a letter to Von Bulow, which is quoted in *The Memoirs*, Bethmann-Hollweg wrote: "... I dare not even mention the brusque and uncompromising attitude of the Emperor Francis Joseph himself, who remained deaf to letters and special envoys from our own All Gracious Sovereign, and to the pleas even of the Pope."

Von Bulow's impressions of Pope Pius X, whom he met on the occasion of his silver wedding in 1911, are also worthy of note.

"Seldom have I encountered a human being whose spirit seemed so detached as this Pope's; he appeared to have transcended matter and, so to speak, reabsorbed it in himself. No taint of earth still clung about him. . . . In the presence of Pius X, all, even the non-Catholics, could feel themselves in the presence of a profoundly good, profoundly pious and humble man, in spite of his very real dignity.

"I must here protest," he continues, "against the widespread rumor that Pius X in worldly matters, especially in his judgment of politics, was simple-minded, foolish even. In the long conversation with which he honored me, he touched on several questions of policy with sound good sense and even diplomatic acumen. His judgments on political personages, sovereigns, ministers and deputies were equally balanced and intelligent."

■ ■ ■

I BELIEVE that the utterances of this man Glover, the major general of the pie counter brigade, are an insult to our government, to the Post Office Department and all patriotic people of our country." These words of Senator Norris will be applauded by all intelligent and loyal Americans. They were occasioned by the address of Irving W. Glover, Second Assistant Postmaster General, made at a convention of postmasters at Springfield, Mo., in which he urged his hearers to "get out on the firing line for Hoover or resign." Note the "resign."

We readily admit Mr. Glover's right to express his own political conviction and to further his party's interest. What we must and do resent is the use of his office for

the corruption of public service, however unconscious of it he may be. President Cleveland set the standard for Federal office holders in forbidding them to engage in "pernicious activity" for purely partisan purposes. And the explicit rules of the Post Office Department require that a postmaster shall be limited in his political activities to a "reasonable extent," and shall be careful not to make himself offensive politically or otherwise to any party or group of persons he is called upon to serve.

Is it asking too much of Mr. Glover's chief to give him the vigorous and chastening reproof he has so richly deserved?

■ ■ ■

WHEN the Senate began investigation of Wall Street practices few persons looked for the revelations that have been made. The Bull operations before 1929, and the

Big Business Must Clean House Quick

Bear operations since then, are not news; but the presence among the Bulls and Bears of the heads of banks, corporations and trust companies occasions the significant statement of Mr. Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune*: "A man who is a pillar of the country's financial structure can hardly be a short seller of forty or fifty thousand shares of miscellaneous stocks and at the same time have a constructive relation to the country's credit structure. The answer can be found in the mental attitude of a man in this position. Is he governed in his actions and influence by the wish to see developments which will help the country and therefore cause securities to rise, or does he wish for unfavorable developments which will cause securities to go down and thereby make personal profit for himself?"

■ ■ ■

TO the most Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, D. D., Bishop of Albany, on the institution of Vocation Sunday, on which day, in thirty-five churches of the diocese, special services were held for the fostering of vocations to the

Toasts Within the Month

Priesthood and the Religious Life. § To Loyola University of New Orleans on their new Radio Station WWL. § To the National Headquarters of the Holy Name Society on the distribution of 375,000 copies of "The Faith of Our Fathers." § To Dr. Thomas H. Healy, Assistant Dean of Georgetown University, whose report, embodying scientific facts and based on Catholic principles, was adopted by the American Conference for the Establishment of International Justice. § To Father James A. Garvey, an apostle of the Catholic Press, who traveled 7,000 miles in obtaining 2,500 subscriptions to *The Southwest Courier*, diocesan paper of Oklahoma. § To Mr. Francis P. Garvan on receiving the Mendel Medal awarded by Villanova College in recognition of noteworthy contributions to scientific progress. § To the Marquette League on collecting \$85,000 for our home Indian Missions. § To the newly organized Catholic Evidence Guild of Baltimore—a group of laymen devoted to forming an intelligent public opinion of things Catholic. § To Sister Marcella, Missionary Oblate of the Assumption, in Paris, on being decorated with the Legion of Honor for having given her blood 43 times to save the sick. § To the Committee of Ministers and Ruling Elders, appointed by Moderator Lewis S. Mudge of the Presbyterian General Assembly, for rejecting the entire report of the special commission on marriage, divorce, and remarriage in the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., which commission had unanimously approved of birth control.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

BEGINNING AND ENDING: A SALUTATION

PERCY SYLVESTER MALONE conducts a page, "Gar-goyles," to *The Churchman*, a liberal Episcopalian periodical. Herewith two excerpts:

We have just heard one of those tales which is too good to be true. One of our bishops, we are told, was announced in the college dally of his alma mater as a chapel preacher. The biographical note provided the information that his religious career began with his ordination as deacon at a certain date and ended with his consecration to the episcopate! Ain't it the truth, brother?

Have we ever told you how our Aunt Hephzibah's rector tried to get his parishioners on Easter to follow the beautiful custom of the Greek Church? One's first greeting Easter morning must be "Christ is risen," to which the reply is, "He is risen indeed." Our dear old Aunt has always been absent-minded, and when she was so greeted for the first time on the street, she couldn't think of what to say, and the second time, in the churchyard, she replied, "Yes, so Mrs. Jones just told me."

COD IMMEDIATE

RAYMOND KRESENKY contributes these lines to *The Christian Century of Chicago*:

I looked for Heaven, high on a hill,
Heaven where mighty towers stand;
Then emptied my hands of gold to fill
The empty hands of others—and still
Had gold, with Heaven in my hand.

FOODSIE-WOODSIES

I stopped at the grocery counter and took out the list my wife had given me. "I want," I said to the clerk, "a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's 'Lasses, Orange Puddy, Bransie Buns, and a pound of Auntie Annie's Sugar Can'y, Bitsey-bite size."

"Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsies, Maltsey Wheats, Ricelets, Cornsie Ponesies, or Wheetums?"

"Wheetums, then."

"Anything else? Tooksie, Tater Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingle Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetsie Toofums or Drama's Doughnies?"

"Tan't det anysin' else," I said, toddling toward the meat department to look for teensey wienies and a leg of lambikins.—*Forrest H. Graves, in Judge.*

A PROTEST SPEAKS TO PROTESTANTS

LET us hope that devotion to Our Lady will bring the writer and publisher of the following where they belong. From the Protestant Episcopal Living Church:

May is the month of Mary. The observance is, of course, a modern Roman one (like the Three Hours of Good Friday), and so will be *ipso facto* anathema to some minds. But to Catholic Christians it seems singularly appropriate that the month that in this climate sees nature awakening, decking trees with beautiful foliage and filling the fields and hillsides with delicate,

colorful spring flowers, should be dedicated to honoring the flower of womanhood, the Mother of our Blessed Lord.

Our Protestant friends are forever reminding us of the "dangers" of too much devotion—the perils of worshipping our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the fear of praying for our beloved dead, the probia of paying too great homage to the Mother of God. We are always a little suspicious of those who would limit the spirit of devotion. Surely it is not too much devotion that is the trouble with the world today, but too little. There is much more "danger," if we must use that term, in neglecting our Lord and His Mother than in showing too much devotion to them. It is a curious phenomenon of our age that intelligent Americans will swallow all the mawkish sentimentality of Mother's Day, but will draw the line at paying any reverence to the greatest Mother of all, our Lady St. Mary.

SEVEN MINISTERS: SEVEN REASONS

WHY they became ministers is told anonymously by seven preachers in *The Journal of Religion*:

1. I thought it was the saving of souls then, but now think it was due to the fact that the only big men I knew were ministers and my desire to be something more than a local clodhopper. . . .

2. Just before entering high school I became acquainted with some boys who belonged to a Baptist boys' club in the church. My father refused to allow me to join the church, but I did it, and soon came to be usher, member of the choir, president of the young people's society, teacher of two Sunday school classes, leader of the singing, etc., etc. It was a true desire to be of service oversentimentalized, that led me to consider the ministry. I presume my interest was heightened by the deep glory I got out of church positions. There was a great deal of the Messianic complex, I suppose. . . .

3. All the influences around me from my youth up were strongly religious—my paternal grandfather was a pioneer preacher. In my childhood people often called me "Elder" from some fancied resemblance to my grandfather. . . .

4. The ministry presented an opportunity to earn my way through school by preaching. . . .

5. The final thing that led me to try the ministry was a good Christian girl for whom I felt I could do no less. . . .

6. The ministry attracted me as a life involving intellectual pursuits, leisure for study, together with a desire to be concerned with matters vital to humanity, where results secured would be permanent. . . .

7. I knew that I could get financial assistance in graduate study for this profession. I was not aware of opportunities in other fields.

RUSKIN AND THE CHURCH

FRA JUNIPER of *The Universe (London)* gives us this in his always interesting Jottings:

Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, as President of the Ruskin Society, has just presented the Holy Father with one of John Ruskin's many beautiful drawings which he made in Italy as a young man. It is a drawing of a church in Naples. The presentation recalls one of Ruskin's last

publications, which (if I remember rightly) contained a very beautiful drawing of a girl by Ruskin himself. It told the tragic story of an Italian girl who was led into marrying a dissolute soldier in church without any civil ceremony. Until the recent Concordat such religious marriages had no legal sanction in Italy, and the girl was very soon deserted by the man she married.

Ruskin told the story with great pathos, combining with it a ferocious denunciation of the Church for making such tragedies possible by permitting purely religious marriages. Now all that has changed. But Ruskin would probably have been surprised to know that it is the State, and not the Church, which yielded. One of the two absolute conditions which the Holy See laid down, when the state requested negotiations in 1926 for a settlement of the "Roman Question," was that religious marriages should be made legally valid.

URNS OF AN EARLY WORM

How sweet to waken in the morn
When sunbeams first begin to creep
Across the lea—and then to lie
Right back again and go to sleep.

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

How sweet to waken in the morn
Without one bit of fear or doubt,
And sudden then to realize
The furnace fire is all but out.

—*Oakland Times.*

How sweet to waken in the morn
Without a care the mind to cumber,
Then hurry to the phone and find
Some ass is calling the wrong number.
—*Boston Transcript.*

THIS: THAT: THE OTHER

IN praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
for woman. But His third way was the best.
Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though when God saw all His works were good
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as they.
—*Wm. Canton.*

THE Catholic Church is no mere intellectual speculation that will fail you at the very first time of stress and strain in life. No. Religion is only of value in so far as it is translated into terms of life. The Catholic Religion will enable you to live! In moments of overwhelming disaster and shattering grief, it will hold you up, support, give you strength and courage to bear the trial, be that trial what it may. And it will do that for you because it brings to you the Strength of God which is called His Grace.

—*Benedict Williamson, in The Sure Way.*

REPROVING sundry critics who object to the adverse opinions on the question of the possible nomination of Alfred E. Smith for the Presidency based upon religious differences, the excellent *Christian Register* asserts that "principle, not prejudice" is at the bottom of the feeling. It remarks: "As we were at continual pains to say in 1928, the Roman Catholic Church has a theory, a law, and that law declares the church is supreme over the state. So long as the law is in the church's body and

soul, there will be persons who will oppose a Catholic for President, not with prejudice or passion, but on principle and by conviction. They say that the Catholic doctrine is absolutely and indefensibly un-American." We have no sympathy—as we said repeatedly in 1928—with such a view and believe it far from being correct. That a genuine prejudice exists against the Catholics cannot be denied, but it is strongest in regions where members of that faith are fewest and where there exists no tangible reason for it. In the great centers of population, where Catholics are numerous and much employed in government, there is not the slightest evidence of anything "un-American" in the manner in which they carry out their duties. Moreover, Catholic influence of the sort described is not in force in the Catholic states of Europe. We hold no brief for Mr. Smith or anyone else as a candidate, but are free to state that he has an instinct for government not visible in many of his contemporaries, as his refreshing address before the Jefferson dinner audience in Washington last week gave ample evidence.—*The Churchman.*

DOROTHY, attending the Episcopal Church for the first time, was surprised to see the people about her kneel suddenly. She asked her mother why and was told, "Hush, they are kneeling to say their prayers." Dorothy exclaimed:

"What! With all their clothes on?"—*Boston Transcript.*

A CLERGYMAN was fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and, finding difficulty in procuring them at hotels when traveling, invariably carried a bottle with him.

One day when dining with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table. Soon he asked the clergyman to pass the pickles.

The latter did as he was requested and in a few seconds noticed the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am."

"I suppose you preach?"

"Yes, about twice a week."

"Do you ever preach about Hades?"

"Why, yes. Sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation on that subject."

"I thought so," said the stranger; "but you are the first in your line I ever met who carried samples."—*Tid-Bits.*

A MINISTER told his flock that he had a "call" to go to another church. One of the deacons asked how much more he was offered.

"Three hundred dollars," was the reply.

"Well, I don't blame you for going," remarked the deacon, "but you should be more exact in your language, parson. That isn't a 'call,' that's a 'raise.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Scientist says that this universe is made up of protons, photons, electrons and neutrons. He forgot to mention the morons.—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

Judge Lindsey says that 6,000,000 young American men are too poor to get married. Investigation would probably disclose the still more tragic fact that most of them are married.—*San Diego Union.*

Mr. Hoover says we can make times good by buying a car. Then, too, it's so much nicer to ride as you look for a job.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

"CAN APPEAL A CASE AND LOSE"

IN his syndicated newspaper column H. I. Phillips sets forth his Reaction to a Big Surprise:

Fetch me smelling salts and water—
Everything 's going 'round;
I feel dizzy, very dizzy
And my temples throb and pound;
Is it something I've been eating?—
What should make me feel this way?
Al Capone is in Atlanta—
And they say he'll have to stay!

Place behind my head a pillow—
Soothe my very fevered brow;
To all shocks and all surprises
I'm susceptible—and how!
Get a doctor and some nurses —
Help me get my breath, I pray;
Al Capone is in a prison
And the courts will make him stay!

Quick! The aspirin, my darling!
On my head apply a pack!
It came on me without warning
And I fell upon my back.
All I can remember clearly
Just before I swooned away
Was a headline in the papers
"Al Capone in Jail to Stay."

Phone the office that I'm ailing—
Tell all callers I am sick;
For my head is simply spinning
And my tongue is very thick;
I was feeling very normal—
Then there came the sudden shock
Of the news they've put a gangster
Where he cannot pick the lock.

What's the matter with this picture?
There is surely something wrong;
Quickly set me right, I prithee,
Do not keep me waiting long.
Am I sitting in a movie—
Is it all a picture play?
Al Capone is in the hoosegow—
And they're gonna make him stay!

Oh, I know I am mistaken
And I need a doctor's care,
All the world seems topsy-turvy,
There's amazement everywhere;
Men and women stand dumfounded—
Flabbergasted by the news
That at last a Public Foeman
Can appeal a case . . . AND LOSE!

Another trouble in government circles seems to be too much fact finding and not enough fact facing.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item.*

Many who went from rags to riches in the late boom times didn't realize that they were on a round trip.—*Boston Herald.*

It is costing the Farm Board 18 cents per year per bushel to store its millions of bushels of wheat. So, you see, somebody is making money out of wheat as a result of the Farm Board's activities.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Politics is the art of obtaining money from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting each from the other.—*Oscar Ameringer.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

FROM The Catholic Gazette, of London, we take this translation, by Rev. J. P. Arendzen, D.D., of a Greek epitaph to a father and mother on a third century tombstone at Autun:

Ichthyos oyranioy thelon genos etori semnoi
Chrese labon pegen ambroton en brotois
Thespesion ydaton. Ten sen phile thalpeo phychen
Ydasin aenaois ploytodotoy sophies
Soteros d'agion meliedea lambane brosin.
Esthle pinaon ichthyn echon palamais.
Ichthyl chortaz ara lilaio despota soter.
Ey eydoi meter se litazome phos ton thanonton
Aschandle pater tomol kecharismene thymol
Syn metri glykerei kai adelphosin emolsin
Ichthyos eirenel soy mneseo pektorioio.

The touching beauty and tenderness of the above tombstone of seventeen hundred years ago has hardly ever been surpassed. It contains four times the secret Christian cod-word for Our Blessed Lord: *ICHTHYS*, which is in Greek the ordinary word for "fish." The four Greek letters of this word are the initials of the words *IESOVS CHRISTOS THEOY YIOS SOTER*, which mean in English: Jesus Christ, God's Son, Saviour. The early Christians in their inscriptions loved to play on the apparent meaning of *ICHTHYS* as "fish" and often even substituted a little picture of a fish for the actual word, and in their phraseology they spoke of the fish being taken in one's hands and eaten, or of the fish being caught in the pure fountain of the Virgin. Well-known is the picture of the basket with loaves and a glass chalice with red wine surmounting the picture of a fish as an emblem of Holy Communion. In English the word-play on *ICHTHYS* is difficult to render, hence we have substituted *JESUS* for it and slightly turned the phrase into English idiom.

Blessed Kinsfolk of heavenly Jesus, enjoy your Holy Peace, since, while among mortals, ye Drank of the undying fountain of blessed Waters. (1) Dear Ones, cheer your hearts, with the Perennial waters of enriching Wisdom. Take The honeyed food of the Saviour of the Saints. Embrace with love Jesus, who placed Himself In your arms. (2) I pray Thee, Saviour Lord, give Them the fullness of Thyself, (3) O Jesus. I beseech Thee, Light of the Dead, give my mother happy Rest. (4) Father Ahchandios, beloved of my heart, Together with darling Mother and my brothers In the peace of Jesus remember Pectorius. (5)
(1) Allusion to Baptism and Eucharist by which on earth we become kinsfolk of Christ.
(2) Literally: Eat with longing the *ICHTHYS* in your palms.
(3) Literally: Satisfy them with the *ICHTHYS*.
(4) Literally: Make my mother sleep well.
(5) Name of the son and brother who erected the tombstone. Otherwise unknown. The inscription is in Greek metre and proves the use of Greek instead of Latin by Christians in Gaul up to 250 A.D. The native language was neither Greek nor Latin, but Galatian, the same as that spoken in Asia Minor.

Congress strains and perspires terribly, trying to frame a tax law that will balance the budget. One shudders to think of the agony it would go through if it had to get out and earn the money, like any other business concern.—*Kansas City Star.*

Singing increases the blood-pressure, declares a Southern doctor, but he doesn't say whose.—*Boston Herald.*

Congress has proposed that the Army and Navy be consolidated. They must want to beat Notre Dame every year.—*Jackson News.*

WILL POWER

By
Frank H. Spearman

Versus LUST

*"If you don't run your sex impulse,
your sex impulse will run you"*

MR. DREISER'S apology for adultery in recent numbers of *Liberty* is unique in one or two aspects. In covering these aspects of sex impulse he slights severely a large and constantly renewed body of men whom he names as religionists; but who are men that have known and suffered the pangs of sex impulse quite as keenly as Mr. Dreiser's heroes.

He dismisses as negligible, from his categories of one hundred per cent men, this very considerable company, now some two thousand years old, of men acclaimed by the common voice of humanity as men deserving of signal praise, not because they were mere sex vegetarians, not because they were "religionists and moralists," controlled, according to Mr. Dreiser, by "milder and hence much more law-abiding sex impulses than others," but because, like St. Paul, they met the hammerings and buffetings of the flesh and resisted them.

In the interests of common justice it will not do, I protest, to consign, by a few unsupportable phrases, so many men to the physical estate of near-eunuchs; to the class of physical enemies. The assertions of Mr. Dreiser in this regard are too patently ill-considered; Mr. Dreiser is ill-informed. His bare assertions do help greatly to make his case. But if his case is as bad as his assertions it falls heavily, in light of the facts, to the ground.

Indeed, merely decent, though uncanonized, men have a right to resent the implication that, because they have failed to demonstrate the strength of their sex-impulse in adultery they lack standing as one hundred per cent men. Let Mr. Dreiser make as eloquent a plea as may be for the adulterer; but let us beg of him not to castrate, inferentially, less

adventurous men to strengthen his plea.

There are two paths to Heaven, neither of which would interest Mr. Dreiser, but to recall them is necessary to clarify any discussion of the sex instinct. One is the path of innocence; the other that of repentance; few tread the first path; many, the second.

Hence among "the religionists and moralists," so contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Dreiser, is found a remarkable variety of men and women, not a few of them "one hundred per centers" even by Mr. Dreiser's exacting standard—that of adultery. Kings and princes, soldiers and sailors, onetime libertines and *ci-devant* harlots, chaste mothers and spotless virgins, men of big business and kitchen scullions may be found among "the religionists and the moralists." No company could be more cosmopolitan than the religionists, canonized or not canonized.

But I rise particularly to exonerate one large class of these religionists from Mr. Dreiser's aspersion of "mild" sex impulse.

It is obvious that a man who never felt the sex lash can claim no credit for his chastity. But was it a merely "mild" sex impulse that forced St. Anthony to turn to "his concubine of snow," as Byron expressed it? For St. Anthony, in his struggle with the fires of concupiscence, did, more than once, cast himself naked into banks of snow.

Was it a "mild sex impulse" that caused St. Benedict to cast his naked body into a mass of thorns to overcome the promptings of the flesh? Was it merely "mild sex impulse" that animated not one, but hundreds of thousands, of "the religionists" when, to subdue the sex urge, they scourged

their bodies with the lash till blood trickled to their feet? I submit, Mr. Dreiser, that merely "mild sex impulse" fails to explain all this.

The lives of the Saints are filled to repletion with the terrific combats of robust, virile men who refused to surrender their chastity to the "fierce fire, burning desperately," of Mr. Dreiser's sex impulse.

"Fools!" Mr. Dreiser's group will exclaim. I raise here no objection to the epithet—none whatever. The abuse is beside my point. My point is that such examples as these make Mr. Dreiser's "mental purity of a Saint," with its implication of "mild sex impulse" among Saints, look rather absurd. Whether these men deceived themselves or not is quite beside the point. They certainly demonstrated conclusively that there is one human attribute even more potent than burning sex impulse—and that is will power.

Mr. Dreiser, I fear, is innocent of an adequate conception of what real battle against the domination of sex impulse actually is. Let him go to St. Augustine for an inkling of it. In the words of the delirium-tremens veteran, Mr. Dreiser "ain't seen nothin' yet."

It is true that many religionists have failed ingloriously in this battle. Some centuries ago a conspicuously coarse German monk and, on the English throne, an intolerable tub of Tudor guts failed to curb their sex impulses; the Western world is still paying roundly the price of their defection.

A wise, and worldly wise, doctor, in discussing the sex subject, once said to me of men in general, "If you don't run your sex impulse, your sex impulse will run you."

The masculine world divides itself

into precisely these two camps: those who run their strongest impulse and those whose strongest impulse runs them. What the first class have a right to protest against is the noisy blatter of the second camp who plead the baby act in complaining that their impulse is so tremendous it brooks no restraint.

This is a laugh. Many men are continually shifting from one camp to the other—usually from the first to the second. But many factors besides strength of impulse enter into this shift. And decent men, outside the impotent and near-impotent class, have the right to object to being herded with sex vegetarians.

It is true that even the impotent have champions other than Mr. Dreiser. John Randolph of Roanoke was said to suffer, not from an exhausted function, but from a congenital infirmity of this nature. He was sensitive, and, being once taunted in Congress with a defect extremely unpopular among virile men, he retorted shrilly: "The gentleman seems to pride himself on that in which every buzzard is his equal and every jackass his superior!"

THE world is colder than Mr. Dreiser, but it sees more clearly; the real sex martyrs are other than his heroes. The use of the sex instinct is the common thing; it is only its restraint that is uncommon, and the world reserves its admiration for the uncommon.

If Mr. Dreiser would witness a moving battle engendered by the sex impulse, he should fly with Asmodeus to the cell of "a religionist" and contemplate the flesh and blood subdued by bodily torment into that restraint to which a dominant will power has vowed it. He will find there no impulse too savage to be tamed; no will power to be flippantly dismissed as mild. It is there that are fought the fiercest of battles; there that are seen the most signal triumphs.

Even the direst slave to sex often takes off his hat to men like these. And they exist yet, and today, everywhere around us. They have no press agents. Yet such are the real sex heroes.

Any man save an impotent can exercise the sex instinct: the slobbering Claudius as well as the Imperial Julius; Bottom as well as Romeo: it is a function which in itself commands no momentous distinction. The world is reproached by Mr. Dreiser because it lays no wreath at the feet of the men Mr. Dreiser has instanced as sex martyrs. St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi are universally beloved not because they did follow Mr. Dreiser's counsels in their youth; but because they turned their backs on indulgence while yet in the

full vigor of young manhood, to follow the counsels of Another. One counsel urged sex freedom; the other urged restraint. The sex impulse is fairly described by Mr. Dreiser as a "fierce fire, desperately burning." But, like all fire, it may and does serve the highest good when under control; it is devastating only when running wild.

In the halls of Mr. Dreiser's Val-

halla, where the spirits of sex-warriors assemble, it will be for the shades of Marshal Saxe of Casanova, of Suvaroff, filthiest of generals, and their goodly company to welcome their most recent champion. There, too, he may bask in the smiles of Semiramis, of Phryne, of Messalina, and be soothed by the songs of Sappho and moved by the magnificence of Cleopatra.

Flames

By Callistus Stehle, O.S.B.

I

FIRES of coal in childhood: through the bars
Shone castles lambent in the setting sun,
Red-roofed cathedrals under burning stars,
Cities of coral smouldering into dun.

Babylon lay in blood, Rome rose in flames,
The Orient dreamed an hour in light and died.
Soon from King Arthur's court and crimson games
Through rose-red dawn Sir Galahad will ride.

Vanished the pageant! Not an ember gleams.
The picture and its model lie in dust
Of mottled grey and umber—cinderous dreams,
The gold of ancient sun-sets turned to rust.

I light the dark with last year's summer flashes,
Rebuild lost cities with their wind-blown ashes.

II

THE sanctuary lamp: its flame the Magi's star
Upon ten thousand Bethlehems aglow
To guide the desert wanderers from afar,
The radiance of Thabor white as snow.

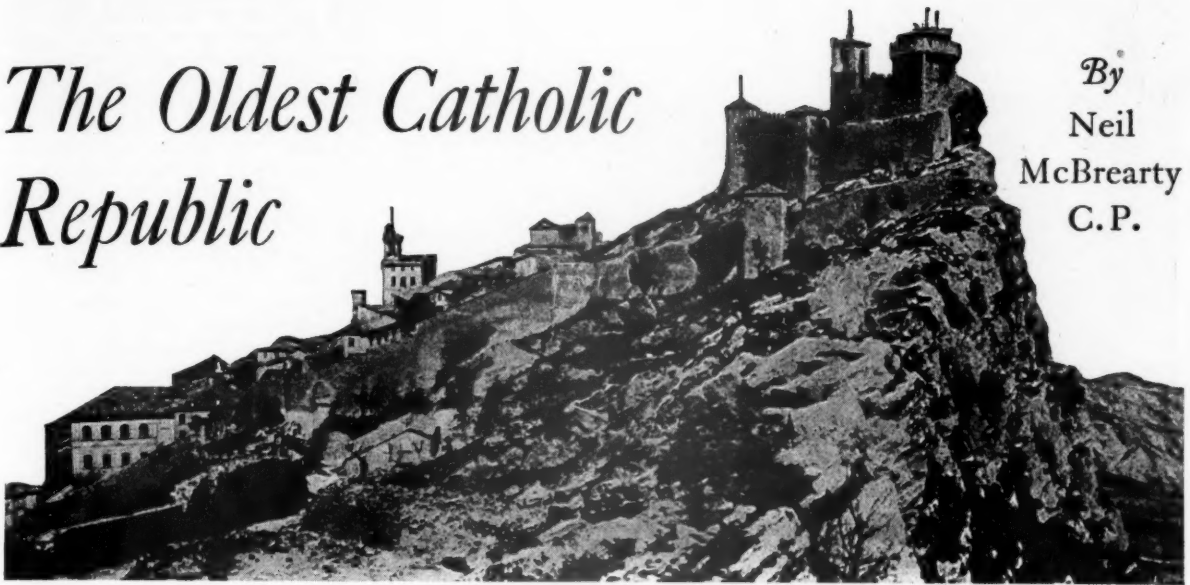
Lightning flashes from the risen Lord,
Ascensional splendors of the upper air,
Light of the world, flame of the living word.
Here Galahad shall rest nor further fare.

Under the sanctuary lamp the soul may rise
Exultant to the fires of Cherubim;
When other sights grow dim to mortal eyes
Unveiled the visions shine of Cherubim.

Here all is real. What was and is shall be:
Past and future merge in present ecstasy.

The Oldest Catholic Republic

By
Neil
McBrearty
C.P.



The Hospital, the Palace, the Basilica on the Rock of San Marino

A SHORT distance from the city of Rimini, but high above that Adriatic port, nestles the ancient and interesting Republic of San Marino. As the autobus rattles across the little bridge that marks the dividing line from Italy, one becomes conscious of a subtle change. The people on the road who greet the bus as it passes are different from the Italians, though they speak the same language. They carry themselves more erectly and their whole manner is more self-possessed. The scenery, too, is somehow not the same. In the contiguous Italian Provinces farms are rigorously guarded by forbidding hedges; but here property lines are scarcely noticeable; there is a spaciousness and breadth to the countryside well becoming the oldest and smallest Republic of Europe.

San Marino is shaped quite like the Spanish peninsula, though in extent it covers barely thirty-eight square miles. Much of this territory is undulating expanse broken here and there by low mountains. The whole converges in an upward ascent towards Mount Titan which rises sheer from the surrounding plain to a height of over six hundred feet. On this mountain is perched the Republic's capital, San Marino, which, though less than ten miles from the sea in a straight line, is over two thousand feet above it.

The Republic of San Marino is the only survivor of those independent Communes which were so numerous in the Middle Ages.

This tiny state with a population of about 13,000 souls has retained its

sovereignty through the centuries despite the tides of Ostrogoths, Greeks, Lombards and Franks that flowed past it. It survived the assaults of Magyars, Saracens and Normans. Even amidst the feudal combats, the fierce struggle of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions during the Middle Ages, and in the more recent political convulsions of Europe, it has succeeded in maintaining its ancient liberty. And today, though surrounded on all sides by Italy, it is as much a State as the larger nation which threatens perennially to engulf it. This continued, independent existence is owing in part to the location of the little Republic; it is owing also perhaps to the absence of anything in it worth taking by a larger State; but it is owing chiefly to the constant and loving protection of its founder and patron, Saint Marinus.

SAINT MARINUS, according to tradition, was born in Dalmatia towards the end of the third century. At the outbreak of the persecution by the Emperor Diocletian (304) he fled from his native land to Rimini in company with another Christian named Leo. He was a stone-cutter by trade and had no difficulty in finding work, as the city was then being rebuilt after having been laid waste by Dalmatian pirates.

In the course of his work he had to go often to the quarries on Mount Titan, and he became so attracted by the solitude of the mountain that he decided to build a hermitage on its summit and to dedicate himself

to a life of prayer. He did so; he also constructed there a chapel in honor of Saint Peter. The fame of his sanctity was carried abroad by the shepherds who had occasion to pass by the hermitage, and soon many Christians ascended the rocky slopes and begged leave to join him in his austere life. The mountain belonged to a lady of Rimini, named Felicitas, who had been converted to Christianity with her son Verissimus by the Saint. She cheerfully deeded the entire district to Marinus, and soon a flourishing community was formed under the immediate direction of its saintly founder.

SAINT GAUDENTIUS, Bishop of Rimini, knowing the virtue of Saint Marinus, fully approved of his work and in order to strengthen his influence ordained him deacon. Under this new impulse the fame of the community spread widely; many more presented themselves for admittance and others wished to live near by; so that soon after the Saint's death in 366 a monastery was erected for those desiring to live the religious life, while numerous families were permitted to settle on the monastery property. Thus began what has since become the Republic of San Marino.

In the tenth century the inhabitants, to protect themselves against invasion, began to strengthen the natural fortifications of their mountain home. They built the three towers which exist even today, and which, surrounded by a great wall, have proved for the San Marinese a sufficient defense of their liberty.



The Second and Third Towers of San Marino.

The vicissitudes of this tiny Republic have been many and trying. Feudal bishops and barons tried to gather its territory into their possessions. Indeed, in 1503, it was for six months incorporated into the Italian state contemplated by Duke Valentine; but, owing to the efforts of Popes Julius II and Leo X, it regained its freedom.

In 1739 a more serious danger threatened it. Cardinal Alberoni took possession of it and occupied it until February 5, 1740. So serious was this menace considered that every year since, on February 5, there have been services in honor of Saint Marinus, thanking him for freeing his patrimony from the Alberonian invasion.

In 1797 Napoleon Bonaparte, as a gesture of friendship, offered to enlarge the Sanmarinian boundaries; but the rulers wisely declined to pass beyond the traditional limits. In 1815 the Congress of Vienna, through the efforts of Metternich, formally recognized the autonomy of the little State.

But despite this recognition of autonomy, San Marino was, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, threatened on several occasions with destruction. Dedicated to the principle of promiscuous hospitality it welcomed and protected political exiles of all opinions. When those who were attempting to overthrow the Papal power were put to rout, they found refuge here. In consequence Pius IX and Ferdinand IV were almost determined on its destruction. After the usurpation of the

June of 1874, and again menaced with extermination. Finally, with the rise of Fascism, many anti-Fascists took up their residence in the Republic, and the hospitality accorded these refugees has brought upon the Sanmarinesi rather disastrous consequences; for now Italian police patrol the whole territory, and though the Italian government admits the independence of San Marino it has effectively destroyed the Republic's right of asylum.

As the autonomous existence of San Marino has undergone various vicissitudes, so likewise has its constitutional life. Seven Statutes or Constitutions, based on Roman and Canon Law, have at various times been recognized. The earliest of these dates back to 1295; the last was drafted in 1600. The Statute of 1600, which is a digest of the preceding Constitutions, is fundamentally still in vigor, though it has been considerably modified in the course of the centuries.

In virtue of this Constitution the supreme constitutive power rests in the hands of the *Arringo dei Padri*, or the Assembly of the Heads of Families. But even when this Constitution was adopted in 1600 the *Arringo* had ceased to function in



The Governor's Palace fronted by the Saint's Statue.

fact; and the legislative, executive and judicial power had been taken over by a Grand Council of Sixty. Of these there were twenty nobles, twenty bourgeois townsmen, and twenty rural land owners. This Council renewed itself by admitting new members of its own choice, so that the government though nominally Republican, was really a paternal oligarchy.

In 1906, however, after a lapse of almost five centuries, the *Arringo* reasserted its constitutional right and by a solemn vow in the Cathedral of Saint Marinus promised to make the Grand Council of Sixty an elective assembly. At once three parties—

taken out of its hands. Outsiders were called in to preside in the courts of law on the presumption that they would not be influenced by the factions then existing in the Republic. Today in the lower courts, both civil and criminal, no citizen can be judge. The lower court of appeal also is presided over by a non-Sanmarinese; in fact, he resides outside that State. The high court of appeal however is a Council of Twelve elected from among the sixty of the Grand Council by that body.

THE legislative power is vested in the Grand Council of Sixty, which is renewed on its entirety every four

Marinus on March 15 and September 15 of every year. It opens with a solemn invocation of the Holy Spirit, followed by prayers to Our Lady and Saint Marinus. Then the names of the sixty councillors are placed in a box and twelve names are drawn forth. These twelve in return nominate twelve others who thus become candidates for the Regentship. Six of these are then eliminated by balloting. The names of the six remaining candidates are written in couples on three slips of paper and placed in an urn. Finally a child is brought forward to pick from the urn one of the three slips. The slip thus picked by lot bears the names of the two



The Basilica and Governor's Palace seen from top of the Rock.

the Popular or Catholic, the Conservative, and the Socialist—entered the political arena and sought control of the newly organized body. In 1920 the Socialistic councillors introduced a plan of parliamentary government with an elective Presidency for a term of years. They were defeated, however, at the election following, and their plan was never put into execution. Hence the form of government laid down by the Statute of 1600 is still followed, except that the Grand Council is now elective, and also that the judicial power has been withdrawn in large measure from that body.

IN THE seventeenth century the administration of justice by the Grand Council became so corrupt that the judicial power was almost entirely

years. The sittings of the Council are public, and at these sittings the presence of half the members constitutes a quorum. In matters of importance a two third vote is required, but in routine work a simple majority suffices. To be a councillor a man must be a citizen and must be more than twenty-five years of age.

The executive power is entrusted to a Congress of nine councillors and two Regents: these are taken from the Council of Sixty. Of this Congress three councillors go out of office and three new ones are selected every two years. The Regents are elected every six months.

The election of the Regents is an indication of the Republic's religious spirit and trust in Divine Providence, as ultimately it is a casting of lots. It takes place in the Basilica of Saint

who are to be Regents for the next six months.

ON APRIL 1 and October 1 of every year the inauguration of the Regents takes place. This likewise is a grand manifestation of Catholic faith. The two outgoing Regents and the two newly elected, with all the officials of the Republic, go in procession to the Cathedral. Here a *Te Deum* is sung, followed by prayers to Our Lady and Saint Marinus. All then return to the Palace of Government where the oath of office is administered to the new Regents. Nothing so well emphasizes the Catholic character of San Marino better than this oath. It is administered to the Regents by the Secretary of State:

"To the praise and reverence of the most high God, of the Blessed

Mary ever Virgin, and of Saint Marinus, Patron of the Commune and of the People of this land of this curia, district and country, You Sir Regents, called and elected to the government of the Republic for the next six months . . . will now swear upon the Gospels you hold in your hand that you will always strive to preserve the Republic and its sovereignty, liberty, dignity, privileges, exemption, and every other right; and on this purpose you will keep fixed your eyes, your spirit, your thoughts and your efforts, and that you will aim at naught but the common good.

"You will attend with all your power to the peace and concord of the citizens than which there is nothing more helpful in a free State; you will be most vigilant day and night in the custody of this Land and of the Statutes, Reforms and Decrees

of this nation, and you will observe and see that others observe the praiseworthy customs of this People. You will be the benign defenders of widows, orphans, of the young, and of the poor, and hence of churches, hospitals, and other venerable places together with their rights and property. At the appointed time and at the accustomed hour you will take your place in the assembly and you will render judgment in justice to everyone; and finally you will always do whatever you judge will prove useful to the good of the Republic and of its citizens."

The Regents, once in office, convoke the Grand Council and the Congress of Nine as often as they deem opportune. They preside at the meetings of these assemblies, propose laws, and have general supervision of the government. They cannot be re-elected until three years have

elapsed after the expiration of their term. Moreover as soon as they are out of office they can be prosecuted for any abuse of which they might have been guilty during their Regency.

Such is San Marino topographically, historically and politically. Like all things human there have been and still are defects in this little State. The blighting spirit of the times has penetrated even into it; but it has on three occasions indignantly spurned the alluring of an international syndicate of gamblers to turn it into a second Monte Carlo.

The people, too, are influenced to a certain degree by the pernicious theories broadcast by modern literature; but they are racially sound and faithful to the Church; and on the whole they are a worthy example of what can be done by Catholic principles in a Catholic Republic.

TRUTHFULNESS *and* SINCERITY

A LIE is a foul blot in a man, and yet it will be continually in the mouth of men without discipline." (*Ecclus.* 20:26.)

A lie is an untruth told with the intention or foreknowledge of deceiving or injuring another. We distinguish four kinds of lies: the jocose, the officious, the malicious and the sacrilegious.

A jocose lie is an untruth told with the intention of amusing ourselves or others at the expense of one whom we for instance consider simple-minded or slow of comprehension or dull of hearing. It makes capital of physical defects and takes advantage of the victim's good nature. It is rather a fault against charity than against truth. It becomes a lie in the strict sense only when judging from the character of the speaker or from the circumstances of time and place, the discreet listener has no reason to question its truth or to consider it merely a joke. In this event it is a deception, whether directly intended or only indirectly, and constitutes at most a venial fault.

An officious or business lie is told with the intention of extricating oneself or another from difficulty, without, however, injuring anyone. The principle involved is: One may never do evil to accomplish a good. No matter what advantage we derive or what difficulty we evade, we are never allowed to tell an officious lie. St. Paul forbids even the lie that would apparently make the truth of God more abound. (*Rom.* 3:7-8). In

By

Albert F. Kaiser,
C. PP. S.

reality truth cannot be indebted to a lie. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord but they that deal faithfully please him." (*Prov.* 12:22). A lie is a foul blot in a man (*Ecclus.* 20:25). Hence even apart from all malice intended or injury done, it is detestable for it is opposed to God's darling virtue, truthfulness. A Spanish proverb calls truth God's own daughter. To love God and to love truth, says Silvio Pellico, is one and the same. Hence of all duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truthfulness makes us like God. Daniel Webster writes: "There is nothing so powerful as truth; and often nothing so strange." If truth is a stranger to us, how can we know and love God who is truth?

TRUTH is a gold coin with God's image stamped on it; its standard value never changes, even though men may sometimes find it convenient to keep it out of circulation, lest they be compelled to give up its counterfeit. Byron calls truth a gem found only at a great depth, whilst on the surface of this world things are weighed in the false scale of custom. He that speaks the truth is not a votary of the world, but a

disciple of Christ. God's truth will illumine his mind, grace his lips and ennoble his actions.

TRUTH, therefore can hardly be expected to adapt itself to the crooked and wily ways of worldly-minded men, for like light, it travels only in straight lines. Nor can the end justify the means. Otherwise one could tell a little lie to accomplish a small good or derive a paltry advantage; a big lie to effect a great good or outstanding benefit. The imagination would not be slow to invent necessities. In fact, a mere convenience or expedience, a personal or social advantage would be looked upon as a necessity. Honesty and honor would yield to mere expedience, morality would be a matter of personal advantage.

One lie would beget another until the chain of habit were formed. Lying would become a second nature and a pleasant pastime for gossipers and no one would be safe even from his own associates. No one could trust his friends. Without an unwavering insistence upon truthfulness as a moral virtue, there could be little confidence in friendship, little reliance upon language, little safety in oaths and promises.

Like the devil originally, the liar throws a deep and ominous shadow over the truth. The clever liar follows Satan's own tactics—he makes falsehood appear true in order to make the truth appear false. Lying, therefore, is despicable in itself, apart from all malice intended or

injury inflicted, inasmuch as, in the eyes of common folk, it throws a shadow over truth. The stability of society depends in large measure upon the religious and moral trustworthiness of individuals and groups. Unless husband and wife can trust each other, there is danger of a breach in the home. Unless society can trust its political and financial leaders, there is danger of social and moral bankruptcy. Parents who praise their children for cleverness and versatility in lying, as if it were a mere harmless pastime, fail to realize that the habit of lying, no matter how innocently and foolishly formed, is decidedly evil, both in itself and its consequences.

A THIRD kind is the injurious and malicious lie. The morality thereof depends on the gravity of the injury intended or foreseen. The most mischievous liars are those who keep sliding on the verge of truth. Such evil-intentioned liars, like the spirits of evil in Macbeth, "tell us truths to win us into deepest consequence." The fawning tongue feels its way into our confidence, only to hurl venom against its victim. A truth or a half-truth is told to usher in the blackest lie.

Truth told with evil intent is a treacherous two-edged sword, most fatal to another's virtue. Diabolical men and women sometimes flatter, only to deceive and ruin in the end. Such are the women of the street who lie in wait for thoughtless, aimless young men, to catch them in their nets and lead them like "birds to the snare, like lambs playing the wanton, like oxen led to the slaughter." Such are the despicable pimps and panders who entrap foolish girls. Beware of them! They come in the form of sheep but inwardly are ravening wolves, ready to devour or to sell the soul of womankind.

The evil-minded have many tools to accomplish their cunningly devised and adroitly executed designs, but the lie is the handle that fits them all. With the sword of a malicious tongue, many reputable characters are destroyed. Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction compared with the babbling. Lying tongues are more deadly than the plague, more evil than the open attacks of gunmen, more cowardly than the stealth of poison. Slandering gossips are like ugly vultures feeding upon the dead flesh of malice and suspicion. They revel in slime and gloat over their victim with diabolic glee. Like mad dogs they bite upon the surface of the skin, but the virus penetrates the vital organs.

"Do not then in idle pleasure
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure
Sacred as your own good name."

No city is safe from the corrosion of gossip. No institution, no person is safe from its slimy touch. Evil rumors, springing apparently out of the thin air into palpable form, spread like a prairie-fire, sweeping over the honor of man, besmirching the fair name of woman.

"There should be some hideous and slimy dungeon," says the *Duluth Herald*, "for those that set scandal flying on the swift wings of malice and envy; no punishment can be too severe for them. The bold highwayman is an angel, and the burly ruffian a child of grace, compared with the coward that fathers evil reports."

The most injurious of all lies, because of its insidiousness, is the false propaganda in history, in philosophy, in religion, in morality, in education. Since the so-called Reformation, men have tried to give God the lie in everything except the natural sciences and to some extent, even in these—in so far as they are intended to replace God in our lives.

Agnosticism and Indifferentism are lies because God can be known and must be served. Naturalism is a lie against Revealed Truth. Modern sex experimentation and race suicide are lies against the Decalogue. Godless education is giving the lie to our own historic past and to the experience of the ages.

OUR heathen educators have constructed a system which is intrinsically destructive, because built on a lie. One hundred years hence, if not sooner, our children's children will be ground to powder by the huge avalanche of false doctrine and false morality which has been forming since the 16th Century and is now slowly descending. Religion cannot flourish without a deep and sincere regard for truth. Education must flounder unless it is built on the foundation of religious truth. Society cannot long endure without the Gospel Truth, which is the bond and basis of human happiness.

A fourth kind of lie is that of perjury in a court of justice, which is not so uncommon as one may think. Imagine, if you can, the degradation to which a man descends when he abuses the god-like power of communicating his mind and heart to others, when he stoops so low as to call upon the All-Truthful to be witness to his falsehood and cowardice.

A fifth kind of lie is that told in the confessional, the sacrilegious lie which tries to deceive God's representative in a confidential relation. Shame or pride causes some people to lie even in the sacred tribunal of penance. Instead of being pardoned, they merely heap one more insult and act of ingratitude upon the

kind and merciful God. Others quite brazenly excuse themselves only to accuse another. If they intend to deceive the confessor they are guilty of a sacrilegious outrage which, in its consequences, is far worse than any sin which they were too proud or too ashamed to confess.

ONE can lie not only in word, but also in deed. Dissimulation is doing other than we pretend or profess, being other than we seem or wish to appear. Sincerity is the true face of the soul. Dissimulation is a mask. The affectation of virtue is called hypocrisy; the affectation of ability, achievement, wealth and influence, etc., is false pretence. Few things in life are more disgusting than affectation, whether it be in manners or in morals.

The affectation of sanctity is a blot upon true piety. Our Lord rebuked the Pharisees for their exterior show of virtue, comparing them to whitened sepulchres, beautiful without, but rotten and filthy within. Hypocrisy seems to grow upon us like a contagious disease. It tries to hide its venom beneath a healthy-looking color and unless a spiritual physician detects its symptoms for us, we shall be unaware of its deadly progress within. Although we ourselves do not fully realize our condition, others can plainly see that our gold nuggets are but imitations. Pretending to be better than we really are only emphasizes our poverty in virtue. The poorest reality is better than the finest show. No one, who knows, will prefer mere external glamor to that god-like beauty which resides within the heart. The foundation of virtue is interior humility and truth.

The affectation of certain unpossessed abilities is a blotch upon one's actual achievements. Pretending to be learned, wise, prudent, skilled only emphasizes our ignorance, folly, stupidity. In a way, false pretence imposes upon our friends (who can see beneath the surface) a certain feigned acquiescence or connivance. It tells those who know us to wink an eye at deception, and with the mantle of undeserved charity, to cover up our crookedness. In their eyes we look like the innocent flower but we are the serpent under it. If we are in a position of power and influence in social and financial circles, we might be tempted to use the big stick on our friends, whenever they refuse to connive at our unearned reputation. They realize only too poignantly that we, false to the core, can make or break them.

Man proposes but God disposes. In the end the truth will come to light, then God makes manifest the counsels of the heart; then shall

every man have praise or blame, according to God's measure and judgment. No matter how cunning and resourceful the hypocrite or false pretender may be, the end must come, sooner or later. Once the tide is turned against him, all his efforts to stem it are futile. His reputation will then be shattered. He falls into the ditch he dug, he is entangled in his own net, he is caught in his own toils, he is betrayed by his own false pretensions.

People at times are so foolish as to mortgage their home to keep up false appearances. It does not take much to live, but the price of keeping up appearances may be stupendous. What fools these mortals be!

Even in worldly affairs "sincerity is the most compendious wisdom and a most excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. Candor gains the confidence of those with whom we deal. It saves the time and labor of many inquiries and brings matters to a head in a few words." Thus Chesterfield wrote to his son.

Uprightness is necessary for real and lasting success. Lowell says: "No man can do great things who is not thoroughly sincere, who would not exchange the finest show for the poorest reality." He who is simple and sincere takes the most direct and safest road to success. Truth is always consistent with itself. It avoids the byways of artifice and deception, and goes the mainroad to success.

TRUTH and sincerity are the pillars of social confidence and stability. Private sincerity is public welfare. Individual honesty makes for public character. Uprightness safeguards the public trust. Roman society was safe when it produced men like Regulus who in the face of death returned to Carthage rather than break his word of honor.

We have seen that it is essentially and intrinsically (or shall we say objectively) wrong to tell a deliberate falsehood, whether to please, or to deceive, or to injure. From this principle it is clear that everyone must be upright and sincere and truthful at all times and in every place. However, there are circumstances in which it is lawful and even necessary to conceal the truth. The general principle is: one may conceal the truth from such who have not clearly a particular right to know, and on the other hand, one may not hide the truth from such who have a clear title to this knowledge.

The law court has a perfect right to every fact pertaining to the public welfare, especially in cases of public crime. Parents and superiors have a perfect right to know all the

facts about their children and subjects, except in private matters of conscience (which are reserved solely to the confessional). Physicians and lawyers have a right to a full knowledge of the case. Confessors, in the name of Christ, have a right to the complete revelation of conscience. The law court possesses this right in order to execute justice; parents and superiors in order to prevent evil and preserve order; physicians and lawyers in virtue of their profession; confessors in virtue of their ordination and diocesan jurisdiction—based on the Divine institution of sacramental confession.

One *must* conceal a truth known only by way of a professional secret. A priest who possesses the knowledge of a case from no other source than the confessional may, under no circumstances whatever, reveal the secret. The integrity of confession depends on the unviolated seal. Who, burdened with grievous sin, would ever confess without this necessary protection? By revealing a particular sin, the priest might prevent an individual wrong, but he would inflict universal injury, by making the sacred tribunal odious. On the other hand, a physician would have the moral right to reveal a hidden sickness, for example hereditary insanity or venereal disease, to a person who, ignorant of this fact, would probably be inveigled into an unfortunate, if not tragic, marriage.

The innocent party, as well as the innocent public, has the right to be protected from moral as well as physical infection. The virtue of the innocent must be safeguarded if necessary even at the cost of the guilty's reputation. In case of doubt whether the guilty person has the right of

silence or the innocent the right of knowledge we must favor the innocent, unless the latter's advantage is slight compared with the injury which the guilty would suffer.

One must also conceal unsavory truths from all those who are liable to suffer harm, notably children. Indiscriminate knowledge is harmful. Children and simple people have a right to know the fundamental facts of life, and of history but not all the details, much less the perversions and abnormalities, since even experts have gone wrong on these subjects.

Let it be our constant endeavor to be sincere with God and upright before all men. In a world of deceit, we must bravely set our faces and our hearts against duplicity. Jesus praises the eye that is single. He bids His disciples be as prudent as serpents, yet withal as simple as doves.

PREJUDICE is the greatest enemy of truth. It lives on falsehood. Truth alone can slay the monster. Humility shall be her constant companion. Loving to be little and despised, we shall not stray far from truth, for humility is truth and truth is humility. If unfortunately we have become the victims of prejudice or of slander, we may hope to see the day when truth will prevail over error, sincerity triumph over intrigue, and hypocrisy be caught in its own snare. The greatest friend of truth here below is Father Time, who will justify the sincere and condemn the hypocrite. In God's good time Truth shall abide forever. Bryant uttered a profounder truth than he realized:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies among its worshippers."

Song

By Florence Harrison

WILD throstle in the windy tree
Now would that I awhile might be
As thou, as thou, God's singing bird,
With nothing of all voices heard
Beyond His whispering to me!

Sweet lark uplifted in the dawn
If I, as thou, so heavenward borne,
Might liberate in ecstasy
And song this silent heart and be
God's singing bird for one glad morn!

THE MIRACLE

By
Gabriel Francis
Powers

Illustrated by T. R. Booth

THE young man in the tweed sport suit was sketching industriously, his portable easel set up at a turn of the path, a mass of colorful rock that jutted out over the aerial blue depth of the precipice forming the only barrier between him and the abyss. But he had good nerves and the proximity did not bother him.

Above his head the towering outlines of the summits, always white, save in the rose of dawn or the salmon pink of sunset. A good deal lower down, to right and left, in irregular long stretches, the forests of firs making dark patches of almost invisible green.

It was a landscape of extraordinary extension and magnificence yet the painter was disappointed, for he had set his heart on making a picture of the high snows with the sunshine upon them, a feat he had performed once already though it nearly blinded him; and today, after coming a very long way by steep and difficult paths, the weather changed and the sky turned to grey. He was so annoyed he was tempted to give up; then, seeing that he had come so far and that, in truth, the cloud effects were superb, he settled himself to paint a mountain view subtly keyed in greys and silvery light.

He only did it under protest, and as it were put out with nature; but over certain accidents man has no control. And even the study in cool tones was interrupted, for quite suddenly, and long before it would have seemed normally due, a clap of thunder burst upon the air, awakening numerous echoes and prolonging its reverberations from summit to summit.

The painter raised his head and apostrophised the whole range "it isn't fair . . . it really isn't fair. After a poor beggar has climbed so high and carried his kit up those con-



Vivid in its direct arraignment, conscience spoke clear.

founded gullies. First no sunshine, and now a storm to boot" . . . but the protest had no effect. Rather, and almost like the voice of a shrew answering back, and again with complete unexpectedness, a howling and shrieking of wind arose, and the gale swept over the crests with cries as of torment and a violence of menace to all that came before it.

The young man rose. "Teddy, my boy, you have played enough. This is no time for joking. And unless you want to end, body and soul, in the unfathomable pit beside you, you had better get off this narrow path." Already the irresistible gusts of wind made footing uncertain, and the folding of easel and stool became a real danger. He had scarcely begun the difficult descent, clinging even to wisps of dried grass to steady himself, when the first big drops of rain began to fall.

In a few minutes it had turned perceptibly colder, and an ominous darkness followed the change of temperature. The man no longer smiled. Fast as he could, he went down the mule trail that was full of broken flints, his whole purpose bent on reaching the first belt of forest beneath him. For he had seen the slaty clouds racing in the same direction and already he felt their invading dampness envelop him. Once the atmospheric, wet cotton-wool weaves itself about a man he is utterly lost for he can see nothing that surrounds him, not even the direction of the path in which his feet stand.

BETWEEN man and fog the race is uneven but the waverings of the wind give one a fighting chance. Fast and faster the painter strode down the narrow way that skirts the abyss. Where the cliff rose at intervals on

the inner side, he did not hesitate to cling to it; and now the rain overtook him, pelting, lashing, making the earth and stones slippery beneath his feet. In no time his tweed suit, which was supposed to be waterproof, was saturated. His hair and face ran streams. At length he reached the first thick copse of fir-trees and breathless, exhausted, sought cover under the dripping branches; but though the spot was more secure it did not protect him from the rain.

The great straggling boughs spread close to the ground, and among the thin tops the shafts of beating down-pour fell unobstructed. "A snare and a delusion," the refugee protested indignantly. "Next time I shall know better!" But he paused to wipe his face and to recover his breath. As, from the edge of the wood, he glanced down over the long way that still lay before him, he espied, at a considerable distance further down, near the beginning of another range of wood, a diminutive pent-roof covered with red tiles.

For a moment he could not remember what the small building was, then he gasped: "Oh, yes, of course! The Madonna shrine at the clearance where you enter the first wood. Chapels are not much in my line, but you bet I go straight double-quick for this one!" The rain did not seem to matter any more, it was pouring furiously but he no longer noticed it. There was still the threat of the cloud mist descending, and the thunder and lightning, almost unintermittent, were appalling; but the fir and pine wood was much nearer the village, in a less austere region of the mountain, and he felt that if only he could reach cover, however limited the refuge might be, he would laugh at the elements.

So, out onto the slippery path again, bare-headed beneath the lash of driving water, and as he went, hurry as he might, the winding way seemed interminable. "If only I had my alpenstock!" But he had left it at the inn having so many other things to carry. The gloom and torment of nature around him, the howling of the wind, the agony of the trees twisted and wrung in the ruthlessness of the storm depressed him involuntarily and he suffered in sympathy with all the inanimate, tortured things around him.

"If I ever get there I shall be tempted to go down on my knees and thank 'whatever gods there are.' This darkness is the limit." But he was getting near the shrine now, his whole soul tending eagerly ahead of him in desire, his eyes fixed steadily upon the coveted haven, when a vivid flash of lightning almost blinded him.

He reached forth his arms: "Save me, if you are really there! You to

whom my mother used to pray" . . . There was another flash, a terrific crash, living flame quivering all around him, and something hurtled past him, over him, over the roof and struck, cracking and rending, into the wood. The man stood motionless, amazed to find himself still alive; then he staggered across those few last yards of the clearance and fell, face down, upon the floor of the chapel.

Instantly he knew that he was sheltered, there was something between the rain and him: he could hear the desolate sound of it beating down upon the tiles: it no longer reached him. What terrified him was that he could not see. But he lay there a few moments in the dust and presently realized, with profound thankfulness that his sight remained: the impression had been only momentary. He picked himself up, feeling dazed, faint and sick, but he could not stand; he propped himself against the wall and waited.

First, he was conscious of the light. It was dim, but he recognized it as he would a friend. He had had a bad shock but all was right with the world. He began to gaze around him. A diminutive chapel, not unlike a hundred others he had seen in his wanderings. A small altar, a linen cloth edged with coarse lace, four wooden candlesticks with old candles bending this way and that, two vases with flowers that had been long withered, and that was all. No, not quite all, because above the altar, painted upon the wall itself, and faded almost past recognition, was an ancient image of Madonna holding her Child in her arms.

The painter viewed the work critically. "Not so bad for a bit of a mountain shrine." All painting interested him and he pulled himself together now, stiff and aching, and moved over to lean upon the altar. "Not so bad at all, what there is left of it. It seems almost a pity to let it fade away like that into nothingness, for soon there will be nothing left to tell the tale."

SILENTLY he stood gazing, and now, across the faint color, he seemed to distinguish the face of the Woman in all the beauty which had once been hers: delicate color, noble, refined lineaments, an expression of great sweetness. "What a pity to let it fade out altogether!" He noted an ancient battered silver heart nailed to the wall beside the image: "The thing they call an ex-voto," he mused. "Some poor beggar flattering himself that he received a favor from the effigy painted on the wall."

Then a subtle, penetrating question that resembled remorse stole into his mind. Just now, in a moment of dire stress and fear, he had reached out his arms to her: "Save me if you are

really there." And that white fire that had quivered all around him, encircling him, and that explosion that had stunned him as it hurled its bolt into the woods and threw him down on his face upon the chapel floor, what was he to think of them? Was it the fair, faded Lady upon the wall who had protected him? Did he owe his life to a painted image?

THEN, vivid in its direct arraignment of ingratitude, conscience spoke clear. He was untrue, he was false to his own soul and he knew it, when he pretended not to know Her. A painted image, an effigy upon the wall! Rather the semblance of one who stood beside high God in Heaven and to whom all power had been given on earth because she was His Mother. Had he not been taught and trained, through the long years of childhood and of adolescence, to love and reverence her? Was she not, after God, the supreme trust of his mother? And his mother who would have given her own life willingly for him, brought him constantly to the feet of that greater Mother. "Son, cling to her. Son, do not ever abandon her. She is all our hope."

A tiny shrine, on a desolate mountain side, and the rain beating on the roof. His mother was dead. And it all passed slowly through his mind: the loneliness of the big city, the freedom of the art school, the subversive books he had read, the plays he had seen and which awakened tempestuous, undreamed passions in him. First he had given up the Sacraments, then Sunday Mass, then every practice of religion. He said he had lost his faith, and perhaps he had. An intelligent, cultured, prosperous man. But spirit cannot alloy with matter. And now he was just a little ashamed, alone in the little shelter of the heights, with the Mother who reminded him so much of his own mother.

"I was all alone," he said. "I was ready to die with sorrow and with loneliness. There was nobody to help me when I needed it most." He was not sure whether he was saying it to his mother who was dead or to the Mother bending her pitying face over the little Son gathered in her arms. But he was somehow sure that both of them would hear him and understand. To the Lady of the painting he added: "If I dared, I should like to restore your blessed image to its former beauty. The rain keeps on pouring . . . and my mother would be so glad."

He gave one glance more at the immensity of space outside, gloom, mist, water wiping out the view, and the sense of solitude and desolation drove him back to the frescoed semblance of something that was human. "I don't know how my colors will take on the plaster but I am going to try."

Carefully he removed the candlesticks, the vases with the withered flowers, the linen cloth, and as he did so, he noted some half-obliterated words inscribed across the base of the image: *Refugium peccatorum, ora pro nobis*. Refuge of sinners! That was why she had let him see the red roof of her house, and had drawn him to shelter. No doubt the pious hands that erected the shrine long ago had intended it just for this, a haven for those whom the violent storms of the mountain caught unprotected; and bringing their bodies to sanctuary, they desired delicately to remind the wanderer that she who is the refuge of sinners would also welcome and care for their souls.

THE painter was singularly touched. Had some secret Divine power brought him to the spot for this very purpose? She had received his body, would she also give harbor to his soul? He clambered upon the altar, prepared his colors, and in a few moments was completely abstracted from his surroundings and absorbed in his work. He was quite close to the Madonna now, and could better appreciate the qualities of the workmanship before him. It was very simple, even crude perhaps, but time had softened it to a faint evanescent loveliness, and the painter of long ago had been careful chiefly to express

spiritual realities: humility, gentleness, compassion, above all holiness. You could have absolutely no doubt about the supreme holiness of this Mother of God.

"I can make her more beautiful than she actually is," the modern painter soliloquized, "I can make her bloom like a flower—but I must be pretty careful not to take away what he put in, because I might not be able to replace it."

IT was true that he was making her blossom like a flower. The virginal countenance emerged, roseate, luminous with new life, from the sunken pallor, the stains and blemishes of age, dampness and erosion. There was the color of dawn upon it, a brightness as of everlasting morning, the grace of a rose in the pudicity of its first unfolding. And under the meek eyelids, the chaste eyes moved and found a glance. There seemed to be almost the flicker of a smile about the quiet lips, and the watchful gaze of the worker, intent upon the celestial countenance, was inclined to bear testimony that, fluid under the cheek surfaces, the blush color came and went.

He drew off to a distance to view the effect better, and returned joyfully. "But you are beautiful, my Lady, and I am so glad. Far more beautiful than you have ever been

before and I hope now that for a hundred years at least you will be able to endure the inclemencies of the mountain." He added a few touches of brown and golden yellow to the hair, and painted out some dark stains that marred the aureola, then she seemed to him complete: he could find no more to do.

He turned to look out of the door. The rain had almost ceased, but a brooding dampness still clouded the air, and what worried him now was that the afternoon was waning and that there would be only a couple more hours of light. It was the face of the Child which called him now, dark, discolored, seared with the blemishes of time, rather sad in expression and rather wan. The painter looked toward the Mother. She seemed to be inclining her head, almost inviting him to proceed, and with swift power, rapidly, he began to work on the small, fair head with the grave eyes and sweet, alluring lips.

IT did not take him long to restore the life to it, to draw it back from its sinking into obliteration to renewed beauty and color. The Little Fellow looked up to his Mother with quick appeal, with adoring tenderness, as if he were alive. The man laid down his brush. No, there were two or three stains still, dark in the aureola, he must go over them again.



The peasants were inside the chapel, outside, and on the threshold.

Then came the sudden miracle of the sun a volley of red brightness through the little window, unexpected, illuminating altar, picture and wall, turning those two painted images to rutilant splendor.

The painter himself stood in a flush of glory. "The sign is to me," he said, "and my work is done." Quickly he wiped his brushes and put away his paints, set the small altar in order as before, and prepared to leave. But he found himself looking back, regretfully, longingly, to the Mother and Child. Only the thought that it was a long way to the village and that he must not allow the darkness to overtake him on the mountain paths, enabled him to tear himself away. With intimate and deep joy, with a rapture of thankfulness, he knew that he had recovered, in fact rediscovered his two best friends, those whom his mother had most loved.

And throughout all his after life he would remember, with extraordinary gratitude and sweetness, the hours he spent alone with them, in close communion, far, far away from human fellowship, on those exalted heights. It had been utter solitude, but at the gates of heaven. From the threshold he turned to gaze once more at the loveliness of the vision his hands had arrested upon the wall. "I am coming back," he said, "I want to see you in the morning light. Make the night pass quickly."

Outside the chapel was such a spectacle of splendor as mortal eyes rarely behold. The circling of the hills offered a limitless panorama suffused with mist in the lower parts, but filled with light as if it had been a cup. On certain peaks the sun struck vividly, still stormily red; at other points the clouds were frayed like a rent garment, and one knew the rain was beating down upon the area that showed dark grey and was completely in shadow. Rivulets of muddy water threaded their way down the path but every tree and shrub shook forth or held on high, trembling in the glittering light, a profusion of diamonds.

AT THE TURN below the firwood the painter glanced back. It was his last view of the little chapel: "Good-bye, good night. . . . Remember that that old battered heart nailed to the wall is mine; and it is going to stay."

There was great rejoicing at the inn when the wanderer appeared and he was greeted with effusion. In twenty years they did not recollect so violent a storm, and the lightning had struck in several places. They wondered if it had surprised him upon the crests or lower down. Had he not returned when he did a searching party would have gone out to look for him. The painter was glad of the fire, glad of the food and wel-

come. But there was an unspeakable secret exultation at his heart that made the whole world seem like a new world. Even the kindness of these simple people was warmer, more intense than of wont, and the radiation of his own soul came back to him from them.

HE COULD not sleep for the intensity of joy in him. The antique painting saved and restored to beauty, a lively sense of the happiness this would have been—or perhaps actually was—to his beloved mother; and above all, the infinite comfort of having found anew those lost, priceless Friends of long ago. "Faith . . . it is no less than faith," he murmured in amazement. "And how I ever got it back when I deserved the gift so little,

Before a Crucifix

By Lillian Amy Powers

LORD, touch our hearts that we may see
Thy handiwork in field and tree.

And in a sunlit meadow's grace,
The shining wonder of Thy face;

That we may see how beauty springs
From the dark earth's encircling wings,

How blossoms spread where snow has lain,
And still white peace yet follows pain;

That we may know our years are brief
As the quick splendor of a leaf,

And fleeting as bright winds that pass
Where petals drift in whispering grass.

Lord, lay Thy pierced hands on our eyes,
Let us grow strong and brave and wise.

I do not know. I think it was You who did it, my Lady of the mountain shrine . . . refuge of sinners. For in the solitude, when I began to paint, you brought back to me, keen as life, the memory of my mother and of her love for you. Now if you want the thing to be complete you must find some way of making me go to confession, for I know that is what I ought to do, but I shall never have the courage unless you help me yourself."

With the first light he was up, and he set forth immediately for the mountain, but he deviated from yesterday's path to seek first the gorges of the torrent where he knew that the fringed blue gentians hang over the brink, tremulous in the touch of the spray that reaches them. He found the flowers, opening wondering eyes, of the most superb blue he knew, edged with purple, and with this rare offering in his hands began the

ascent to the first belt of fir-wood. He came to a level grassy expanse, bright with small flowers of every color, and to his surprise found two young girls making them into bunches.

"Are you going to sell them?" he asked pleasantly. One of the maidens raised a blushing face. "No, sir. They are to deck Our Blessed Lady."

"That is very nice," he answered and went on. As he neared the wood, he saw other figures on the path ahead of him. "Strange," he mused, "the spot is so far from the town, and yesterday it seemed so solitary. 'Is this a feast day?' he asked when he overtook them, but they answered negatively. 'We are just going up to see our Madonna.' The stranger continued his way.

At the shrine still another surprise. There were peasants kneeling inside the little chapel, on the threshold, and outside it. The silence was intense, the peculiar luminous, limpid, crystal silence of early morning, but it was evident that they were all praying fervently. The painter approached noiselessly, not wishing to disturb them, and knelt down, too, at the edge of the group, on the sod. An elderly woman beside him nudged him. "Go on in, sir, and look at her." Then she pointed to a black mark on the outside wall. That is where the bolt passed when it struck into the wood on the other side of the chapel. A huge tree was split in two."

THE man arose as he was bidden and passed inside. He understood now what the circle of flame had been in the crash; and wondered still more that he himself was alive. It was true that in the very act he had been reaching out his arms to Her. He knelt down again, troubled and confused, this time directly in front of the altar, and the worshippers moved and made room for him. "Is she not beautiful?" an aged mountaineer beside him asked in an awed whisper. "The lightning spared her, passing over the roof without harming her and, in the same moment, her holy image which had been very old and faded was restored to freshness, as if it had been made but now. She is far more beautiful than she ever was before. A boy going up into the mountain very early saw the wonder and came back to call us all to come and see. Did you ever behold a more heavenly countenance? If there was ever a miracle worked on earth it is this one, our dear Madonna!"

The painter did not answer. Should he speak? Should he remain silent? They were so sure, so confident. It would be an offense to their simplicity to undeceive them. And a very great and double miracle had indeed been wrought yesterday at the shrine. But it was not the one they thought.

By
Hilaire
Belloc



WILLIAM CECIL

The Eleventh of Twelve Studies of Outstanding Characters in the English Reformation

WILLIAM CECIL, who is better known as Lord Burghley, the title he took after clinching his great success in the middle of his career, was the author of Protestant England. One might almost call him the creator of modern England as a whole, for he stands at the root of the Church of England—the typical central religious institution following on the English Reformation; and it was under his rule that the seeds were sown of all that later developed into what is now the English political and social system.

A False Legend

IT HAS often been remarked that England, more than any other European country, is cut off from her past. When England became Protestant she became a new thing and the old Catholic England of the thousand years before the Reformation was, to the Englishman of after the Reformation, a foreign country. Now, the true artisan of that prodigious change was William Cecil, Lord Burghley.

Thomas Cromwell was the man who achieved the breach with Rome and who launched England out onto the beginning of the adventure, but William Cecil was the man who—by his own genius and that of his son Robert—did the essential work of changing England from a Catholic to a Protestant country. It was he who eradicated the Faith from the English mind, it was he who prevented the succour of Catholic England by the power of Catholic Europe outside; it was he who instituted and maintained a reign of terror, the long endurance of which at last crushed out the Mass from English soil.

The false official history which has been taught so long ascribes what

was really the action of Burghley to Queen Elizabeth. A false legend has been created with the object of exalting the character of that unhappy and distorted woman, but in truth she was but a figurehead, and it was William Cecil who during her reign moulded events to his will.

WILLIAM CECIL was a very great political genius, comparable to that of Bismarck or Richelieu. The genius was set in a despicable character—mean, sly, avaricious and thoroughly false; morally, he was a shrivelled soul corresponding to his little wizened body and face, but intellectually he was of the highest stature. To that unique intelligence of his was added an untiring industry and prodigious memory which between them left him in the period of his rise and power without a rival. For he was in the midst of men bent upon the loot of the Church, upon pleasure, upon intriguing for places at Court, for salaries, and for fragment after fragment of the Royal fortune which they were dilapidating. None of them did any work unless it can be called work to pursue such ends. William Cecil worked all his life, with an iron will and a grasp of detail unparalleled in his time and hardly equalled before or since. He was one of the greatest and certainly one of the vilest of men that ever lived. His work has outlived him hundreds of years.

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He had also an invincible tenacity, pursuing an original plan unswervingly and moulding to it any passing event. He had a profound knowledge of men, choosing his servants with skill and playing upon the weaknesses of all around him. He acted admirably; he could nearly always take a victim in, and the "old fox," as they nick-named him towards the end of his career, won nearly every conflict in which he was engaged.

Burghley's Ambition

HE WAS without joy, and one may fairly say without religion. His motive was not hatred of the Catholic Church such as we find in Cranmer or in his own servant and head spy, Walsingham, the chief of the intelligence department. He destroyed the Church in England because he desired to confirm his own wealth and that of the clique of which he was the head, the new millionaires who had risen upon the loot of the monasteries, the bishoprics and all the rest.

He himself was not, oddly enough, a direct thief of Church land; the huge fortune of the Cecils which has kept them an important family even to this day came from the betrayal

of colleagues, the enjoyment of lucrative posts, and all that can be done by unscrupulous men in power to their own enrichment. The lands they held were largely Church lands, but at second hand. The Cecils had no considerable grant that I can remember out of the original loot. Yet were they, and William Cecil their founder, the typical and representative heads of all that new wealth which arose on the ruins of religion in England.

William Cecil was, like Gardiner, of middle-class rank by birth. His father was what we should call today a permanent official in the government service—that is, he held a post in the establishment of Henry VIII. William's grandfather, the father of the official, had kept a hotel in Stamford, which is a town standing on the great Roman road running north from London; it is about ninety miles from the capital. Close to Stamford town, on the hill to the south of it, was the convent of Burghley, out of the ruins of which was later erected the magnificent palace which the family still holds and from which William Cecil took his title.

His Career Begins

HENRY VIII's official put the lad to Cambridge when he was fifteen years of age, just after Thomas Cromwell had broken with the Papacy. He did not rise very rapidly; he was nearly thirty before the father of his second wife introduced him to the Protector Somerset, the uncle of Edward VI and the man who attempted to impose Calvinism upon England during that little Prince's brief reign. He became Somerset's secretary, knowing all his secrets and keeping all his papers.

Then came his chance. After he had been secretary to Somerset for rather less than two years another member of the gang who were running the unfortunate little child-King, to wit Dudley, plotted to make himself supreme and to oust Somerset. Somerset in his peril turned to his secretary, and was aghast to find that he had been betrayed. The details of the betrayal we do not know, but we do know that William Cecil suddenly jumped from a good moderate position of what we should call today perhaps 15,000 dollars a year, to very great wealth. And, what is more, his patron, to whom he had betrayed his old master, made him secretary to the Council, that is, made him the man who kept all the State papers and knew all the State secrets. In that position, his wealth, of course, continued to increase.

Although he had conspired against Mary with the rest of the Council he managed to save himself. He outwardly conformed to the national re-

ligion during the Catholic Queen's reign, and he used to make a parade of carrying an enormous pair of rosary beads to emphasize his zeal. Then, when Mary died in 1558, it was he who got Elizabeth onto the throne, and she remained for the next twenty years wholly dependent upon his vast political capacity. It was he who suggested the gradual plan for ousting the Catholic hierarchy, and who saw to it that a secret committee should frame the new religion, at the

THE last in Mr. Belloc's Portraits of the English Reformation will be Stephen Gardiner, who was intensely Catholic in doctrine and practice, as opposed to the Lutheran and still more as opposed to the Calvinist. And this endeared him to Henry VIII, though Henry dreaded the strength and activity of his character. Gardiner always stood for the defence of the old national traditions in religion, of the Mass, of course, but also of the full doctrine of the Real Presence, and so down to the minor devotions of Catholic practice. When the violent discussions broke out among Henry's Bishops, some of whom—led by Cranmer and under the protection of Cromwell—became more and more anti-Catholic in tone, Gardiner put all his weight into the scale to oppose the break-up. He was largely responsible for and perhaps in part framed the famous Six Articles which, during all the last years of Henry's reign, enforced Catholic doctrine and practice under heavy penalties of the clerical law. There was no one to succeed him; there was no other typical national figure to symbolize the reluctance and the distaste everywhere profoundly felt for the new and fanatical movement against the ancient national traditions of England. Had there been one such, one of similar authority and with as great a past, in the first years of Elizabeth's reign, Cecil would perhaps not have undertaken with the same success the evil work he did.

head of which he put as Archbishop, an old Cambridge friend, companion, and dependent of his, Parker.

His subtlety in gradually derailing England from her Catholic course was amazing. He found in these first years of his power a country the whole bulk of which was still entirely Catholic, in practice, daily habit and tradition. He could not challenge directly a force of that kind, but he undermined it; he played the card of national feeling; he relied upon

Philip of Spain, the great Catholic champion, to plead with the Pope that the new English Church was, after all, tolerable and that the schism might not be permanent.

Meanwhile he prevented any direct action on the part of the Pope in England and he prevented a Nuncio from landing. Though the first laws had been passed making the worship in all the parish churches that of the new Anglican Establishment, yet the authorities winked at a large amount of toleration, going slowly in order to do their work more thoroughly later on. Men would take Communion in the Anglican form, and later take it in the Catholic form from the hands of the same parish priest; and Cecil boasted that no man suffered on account of his religion, only for treason to the State.

His Strongest Card

THROUGHOUT his life he continued to play that card of national feeling as the strongest he had in his game against Rome. Meanwhile, though openly the ally of Spain and even dependent upon Spain for maintaining Elizabeth's insecure position, he was working underground to produce an ultimate rupture with Spain, and his genius was never better shown than when, on the pretext of protecting them from piracy and also of examining into the credentials of the bullion they had on board, he detained in English ports the Spanish ships which had taken refuge there from pirates, while on the way to carry the pay to the Spanish King's soldiers in the revolted Netherlands. Cecil had calculated that Spain dared not fight since she needed England, small and weak though England then was, as an ally against France. It was taking a big risk, for if Philip had then declared war Cecil's game would have been ruined; but Spain did not declare war, and friendship was openly maintained between the two Crowns, though from that moment Philip of Spain knew that Cecil was working against him.

The Spanish effort in the Netherlands was hamstrung by this cutting off of supplies; and meanwhile the principal leaders of the old Catholic nobility in England were goaded into rebellion. They rose in the tenth year of Cecil's power, and that was Cecil's opportunity which he had himself created. The Catholic rebellion was put down with ghastly ferocity—drowned in blood. And Cecil could henceforward make use of the plea that attachment to the universal religion of Christendom was treason in any subject of Elizabeth's.

The plots for the re-establishment of Catholicism, and therefore for the destruction of Elizabeth, Cecil

watched, discovered, and nourished, under his extraordinarily efficient spy system, at the head of which was as we have seen his man Walsingham.

The most famous example of his ability in this line was his catching of John Hawkins, the pirate and slave dealer, the man who was the teacher of Drake and, with Drake, the best seaman of his time. Cecil found Hawkins negotiating secretly with the King of Spain; having so discovered him, Hawkins' life was in Cecil's hands and Cecil compelled him to act as an agent and to continue to pretend to be Philip's friend, and to continue his correspondence with Spain. In this way Cecil discovered all that Philip was doing.

A Reign of Terror

NEXT he patronized Drake, always disavowing the piracies and murders of that buccaneer, apologizing to Spain for the outrages, and even sometimes giving restitution, but all the while supporting Drake underhand and allowing him a small percentage of his loot by way of pay. He sheltered Drake from the most obvious consequences of his crimes, particularly in the case of the odious murder of Doughty; for we know now, though it was long hidden, that it was Cecil who prevented the prosecution of Drake by the Doughty family when they clamored for justice.

Meanwhile, of course, open persecution of the Catholic Faith in England could, on the pretext of the recent rebellion, be launched. The old nobility, at the head of which was the Duke of Norfolk, were humbled, and the young Duke himself—though an ardent Protestant—was lured into a position where Cecil, feigning the deepest friendship for him, could bring him to the scaffold—which he did. From that moment, 1572, Cecil was supreme. He was at the height of his great powers, a man just over fifty, and completely dominating the sickly and chafing Queen, in whose name he acted.

The persecution grew more intense, until it was what I have called it—a reign of terror. But all the time Cecil, working hard upon the natural patriotism of England and insisting that he was only preserving the integrity and independence of the realm, maintained that the shocking executions and universal system of suppression and secret police work were not religious in motive, but only political; and he kept on repeating his formula, "that no man suffered for religion, but only for treason."

He exactly judged the moment when the weakness of France, through the religious war which had broken out in that country, would permit him to defy Spain, and

to emphasize the now thoroughly Protestant character of the English Government. By the prevention of any educational facilities on the Catholic side; by the putting of all offices, academic or of magistracy or of the executive, into the hands of his creatures, he began breeding up a whole generation of young Englishmen in whom the strong minority—gradually turning into a majority—were opposed to the Faith. Yet throughout the business he kept the average Englishman bewildered as to whether it were really a fight between Catholicism and its enemies, or only between England and her political opponents.

When he had already grown old, and had begun to introduce his second son Robert (whom he had carefully trained in statecraft and who was his father's equal in brains and energy) to the conduct of public affairs, came the test of the Armada. Had the Armada succeeded there would have been, of course, a great Catholic rising, which could not have failed to be successful. Elizabeth would without doubt have yielded to her natural inclination and followed the Catholic desires of her people; Cecil would have fled if he had been able, or had he not been able would have been killed. But the Armada failed, and with its failure Cecil's great experiment took root and was founded for good.

He was then a man of nearly seventy; not long afterwards he died. That second son of his, as astute as his father, was a dwarf and hunchback with an enormous head, inheriting from his father and carrying on the excellent spy system which was the basis of their power. He completed the work. This Robert Cecil (who was later made Lord Salisbury) lived to see the tide turned. He may

not have actually launched, but he certainly knew all about, and nursed, the Gunpowder Plot; and his triumph on that occasion settled the collapse of the Faith in England.

Henceforward those in sympathy with Catholicism in varying degrees (and ardent Catholics were already a minority) were divided among themselves. It was the better part of a lifetime since the Mass had been forbidden in England; the heroic efforts of the Jesuits to create a reaction had failed, and though in mere numbers those who opposed the Catholic Church were not a large majority, they gave the tone to the whole.

England between 1605 and 1612, when Robert Cecil died, already stood before the world as a Protestant nation, the only considerable Protestant power in Europe; and all this was but the completion of William Cecil's work. He, more than any other man, had made it possible for the Dutch Provinces in the Netherlands to throw over their legitimate Spanish King, and, though a very large minority of the Dutch were still Catholic, the new power of Holland stood side by side with England as a Protestant centre. Thus was the great work which William Cecil had set out to do in England and Europe accomplished.

On this account the whole of that decisive period in English history should properly be called "The Reign of the Cecils." It was they who introduced James I (just as they had introduced Elizabeth) to the throne; it was they who guided and shepherded the nation into the new paths.

Such was William Cecil; one of the greatest and certainly one of the vilest of men that ever lived. His work has outlived him and his associates by many hundred years.

The Presence

By Sister Miriam

NO one but God can ever come
As host or guest,
Into the sanctum of the soul,
And give it rest.

If all He asks of us we give
With heart elate,
He will our bread and wine accept
And consecrate.

Invited, He will come to stay
For one red light:
A gem-like flame no wind can quench—
A heart contrite.

TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS*

By Gerald E. Ward

BREATHED is the last half whispered prayer
That lets the imprisoned spirit go
And now to climb the golden stair
She turns with lingering steps and slow.

Earth's roses to her heart she holds,
Earth's lilies on her bosom lie,
Twined 'round the cross her arm enfolds,
That hallowed thus they ne'er may die.

In vain the Angels at her side
Their charge to speedier steps entice,
And point to where are opening wide
The pearly gates of Paradise.

For earthward ever her gaze returns,
Her thoughts earth's sorrowing ones yet fill;
Heedless of bliss to come, she yearns
To bring them hope and comfort still.

"For these Christ wept," they hear her sigh.
"For these He died and lives again;
I am His sister; may not I
Too, live to help Him ease their pain?"

"Though I those gates may enter in
They'll lead me not to happiness
Knowing how many are left to sin,
To body's ills or soul's distress.

"My time for bliss I fain would spend
In works of mercy, doing good
To all the oppressed till earth shall end,
Helping Him as Christ's sister should."

"Fear not," the angels say, "nor grieve;
Pass gladly through the pearly gates;
And be not faithless but believe;
Thy Brother Christ thy presence waits;

*It was in Mazatlan, Mexico, in 1914, during the Carranza revolution, that I met the author of this poem, Mr. Gerald E. Ward, and it was in that city, amidst the strange and stirring scenes of its siege by the revolutionists, that the poem was written—or, at any rate, that it was conceived. Serving as a war correspondent, I had accompanied the Pacific Coast Fleet, Admiral Howard, which had been dispatched by the United States to blockade and patrol the Mexican coast at the time when war seemed imminent between Mexico, then ruled by President Huerta, and the United States. A battle had already been fought at Vera Cruz. General Obregon commanded the Carranzista revolutionary forces and had drawn his lines so tight about Mazatlan that its beleaguered inhabitants were slowly but surely starving to death. The American Fleet was anchored in the harbor of Mazatlan, together with Japanese, German and British warships, the latter watching events in the interests of their respective countries. I would frequently go ashore from the flagship in which I was quartered, seeking information which might be worth cabling to my papers. The place where I picked up such news as I managed to obtain was a hotel in the center of the city, run by an American, a Jew, which place was the headquarters for the foreign residents—or, rather, for the few whose duties kept them in Mazatlan, as most of the foreign merchants had left the place before the siege began. It was here that I met Mr. Ward, who was the resident superintendent of a light and water company.

"Tell Him thy need." She passes on
And coming to the Christ-Child prays,
When straightway all her grief is gone
And joy divine her care allays.

For lo! those earthborn flowers of hers
Planted in heaven no more to cease,
Are turned to be the messengers
To earth, of healing and of peace.

For thus 'tis bid; each morn she may
Those roses cull—at first but few—
Bright with the sheen of heavenly day,
Blest with the grace of heavenly dew;

And these she casts to whom she wills—
The poor, the sick, the sorrowing—
Whose spirit soon contentment fills,
For health and gladness aye they bring;

And as the flowers increase in store
Greater the number she may cast,
Till evil shall be known no more,
God's Kingdom come to earth at last.

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Dear maid, Teresa, child of God,
Though in another fold I dwell
On me too be a flower bestowed
To work its Christ-giv'n miracle;

That by its holy influence taught
To attain such faith as burnt in you
I'll learn to love Him as I ought;
So may He be my Brother too.

An Englishman, and a Protestant, and, therefore, a man who might be supposed to scorn the lower class of Mexicans, who are of mixed blood, partly Spanish, and partly Indian, and of the Catholic religion—Mr. Ward had observed these poor victims of exploitation and revolution with such true sympathy that he had reached an almost Franciscan admiration for their human virtues and their supernatural faith. I think it was his gift of sympathy which caused him to take such a deep interest in what I could tell him about the life and mighty works of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux—who had not yet been canonized. The cause of my own interest in the French Carmelite may be summed up in the fact that to her I owed my return to the Church after an absence lasting since boyhood. Moreover, in Mazatlan, on the first anniversary of my first visit to Carmel, what seemed to be the miracle of the healing of a dying Mexican child had been wrought by the prayers of her mother, to whom I had given a relic of St. Thérèse. The child was the daughter of a peon working in the hotel. The Jewish proprietor himself testified to the fact of the marvelous cure. These things I told to Mr. Ward—who was deeply moved. Later on I received a copy of the poem. Until now it has not been published, but through the efforts of members of his family and of others who recognize the true merits of this most musical and moving tribute to the little Carmelite ambassadress of the love of God Mr. Ward has consented to its publication, and THE SIGN is pleased to print it.—Michael Williams.

SECOND MARRIAGES

By
Adrian Lynch, C.P.

What is the law of the Church with reference to second marriages?

"Although a chaste widowhood is more honorable, second and even further marriages are valid and lawful." (Canon 1142.)

What is necessary before one who married before can proceed to another marriage?

Before proceeding to a new marriage it is necessary that the former marriage be certainly declared invalid, or certainly and legally dissolved. (Canon 1069.)

What is required before a married partner may proceed to another marriage on the ground that the former consort is dead?

Before a married partner may lawfully proceed to another marriage it is necessary to furnish legal proof that the former consort is dead.

How is such proof legally produced?

If the death of a married person occurred in the place where the marriage is to take place there is no difficulty because the death of the former consort is publicly known. If his or her death happened in a distant place it will be necessary to furnish an authentic death certificate of this fact either from the parish register, or from hospital or army or civil records.

Would the testimony of witnesses be accepted by the matrimonial courts of the Church when an authentic death certificate cannot be produced?

If two witnesses, worthy of credence, and under oath, testify to the death of a married person, and their testimony agrees as to cause, time, place and other circumstances, their testimony may be accepted in place of other documents.

May the testimony of only one witness be accepted as proof of death?

The testimony of one witness only is ordinarily not accepted, but if the person testifying is above all suspicion his testimony may be accepted. The testimony, however, of the other married partner is usually not accepted, unless it is supported by other circumstances which amount to moral certitude.

In cases of doubt in this matter who gives the decision with reference to a married person's freedom to marry again?

It belongs to the matrimonial court of the diocese to decide doubts in this matter.

Is the prolonged absence of a married partner sufficient proof of death?

Prolonged absence in itself is not recognized by the Church as sufficient proof of death.

Do not the Civil Laws of most States in this country recognize desertion and prolonged absence as constituting legal death, and permit another marriage to be contracted on this score?

Yes, most States in this country have such laws.

May Catholics have recourse to these laws in order to obtain a dissolution of their marriage with the missing partner, and to proceed to another marriage?

Catholics may not have recourse to these laws, unless proof can be furnished to the ecclesiastical matrimonial court that their missing partners are dead.

Supposing that a married person, whose partner was missing for a long time, married again, and afterward the former partner came back? What is to be done?

With reference to Catholics this case will hardly occur, because desertion or absence does not constitute proof of death. But if a married person, whose partner was missing, married again, and afterward the missing partner returned, the former partner must be taken back and community of life with the second partner discontinued.

What is the reason for this legislation of the Church?

The reason for the extreme care which the Church exercises in this matter is that married persons can have but one valid partner, and that a true and valid marriage endures until death.

Would not prolonged absence and desertion work untold hardship on married partners?

This may be so. But married partners upon entering the state of marriage take each other "until death do us part."

May the surviving partner of a marriage marry the brother or sister of the deceased consort?

It is forbidden the surviving partner to marry the blood relatives of the deceased consort in every degree of the direct line, and to the second degree of the indirect line. Thus, the surviving partner may not marry the father or mother, etc., nor the brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece of the deceased partner. (Canon 1077.)

What is this impediment called?

This impediment is called the impediment of affinity. Its foundation

No. 11 in the Canon Law of Marriage

is valid marriage. It exists between the man and the blood relations of the woman and between the woman and the blood relations of the man. The blood relations of the man are related to the woman, and the blood relations of the woman are related to the man, in the same degree of affinity as they are related to him and her by consanguinity.

May the impediment of affinity be dispensed?

Dispensations are not granted from affinity in the direct line, e.g., to allow a widower to marry the mother of his deceased wife. But a dispensation may be obtained for grave reasons from the impediment of affinity in the indirect line, e.g., to allow a widower to marry the sister of his deceased wife.

Why is a chaste widowhood considered more honorable than a second marriage?

The reason of this attitude of the Church is found in the Christian concept of marriage. The union of a man and a woman in the bond of matrimony is a symbol of the union of Jesus Christ with His Church. As Christ can never separate Himself from His Church, which is His Body, to unite Himself with another body, so a Christian who has once married conforms to this ideal more perfectly by not uniting himself with another spouse, after the death of the first.

Is there any Scriptural foundation for this attitude?

St. Paul, who was without a wife, counselled others to imitate his conduct: "I say to the unmarried, and to widows, it is good for them if they so continue, even as I. . . . A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth. But if her husband die she is at liberty. Let her marry whom she will, only in the Lord. But more blessed shall she be if she so remain, according to my counsel. And I think that I also have the spirit of God." (1 Cor. 7:8, 39, 40.)

In this text St. Paul speaks only of the second marriages of widows. Are these texts to be understood as counselling widowers also to remain unmarried?

Yes, the Apostle's counsel is directed also to widowers, for he says, "Art thou bound to a wife? Seek not to be loosed. Art thou loosed from a wife? Seek not a wife." (Cor. 7:27.)

What was the attitude of the early Church with reference to second marriages?

The early Church, following the counsel of St. Paul, frowned on second marriages. Those who married a second time were called bigamists.

Was this not an unjustified condemnation?

While the attitude of the early Church towards second marriages was severe, the term bigamy is not to be understood in the modern sense of that word (simultaneous bigamy), but in the literal sense (successive bigamy), or twice lawfully married.

Were second and further marriages ever held to be forbidden by Divine law?

The schismatic sects of the Montanists (2nd century) and of the Novatians (3rd century), who set themselves up as puritans, taught that second and further marriages were contrary to Divine law. As is the habit with puritans they erroneously interpreted a counsel as a command. But their doctrine was never held by the whole Church, and was subsequently condemned. Pope Eugene IV proclaimed the Catholic doctrine when he said: "We declare that not only second marriages, but third, fourth, and even further marriages can be lawfully contracted, if no impediment stands in the way. Nevertheless we teach that it is more commendable that those in widowhood abstain from further marriages and remain in continence." In this declaration the Pauline teaching that second and further marriages are good, but a chaste widowhood is better, is preserved.

Is it not true that some of the Greek Fathers of the early Church severely condemned remarriage?

It is true that several Greek Fathers of the early Church held that remarriage was contrary to the ideal taught by St. Paul. But their severest condemnation was against third and fourth marriages. In their opinion those who married three and even four times were not actuated by a desire of children, but by passion.

Did not St. Paul himself advise further marriage when it is difficult to control passion?

This is true. Speaking of youthful widows especially he said: "I will therefore that the younger should marry, bear children, be mistresses of families, lest occasion be given to the adversary (slander) to speak evil." (1 Tim. 5:14.)

Did not St. Paul contradict himself, extolling a chaste widowhood as more honorable than remarriage in one breath, and in the next advising remarriage?

The contradiction is only apparent. It is not a contradiction to teach that

a chaste widowhood is more honorable than remarriage in itself, or theoretically speaking, and to advise remarriage in an individual case. Circumstances alter cases.

Has the attitude of the Church been modified with respect to remarriage?

Yes, the attitude of the Church in this matter has undergone a great change. Not in the sense that she no longer considers a chaste widowhood as more honorable and perfect than second and further marriages, but in the sense that second marriages in modern times have no longer the aspect of being less perfect, due, no doubt, to the general weakening of the Christian concept of marriage, as typified by the indissoluble union of Christ with His Church.

Are there any vestiges of the ancient attitude towards second marriages still in vogue in the Church?

Yes, those who have been married twice contract a special irregularity with reference to taking Sacred Orders (Canon 984), and a woman who has received the solemn nuptial blessing in her first marriage may not receive it again. (Canon 1143.)

What is meant by an irregularity?

An irregularity is a perpetual impediment constituted by Canon Law, which renders the reception and exercise of Sacred Orders unlawful. (Canon 983.) It is clear that irregularities affect men only.

May the Church dispense a man who has contracted this irregularity?

Since this irregularity has been constituted by the Church, she may dispense in it if she thinks it prudent. This case, however, rarely occurs.

Why does the Church withhold the solemn nuptial blessing from a woman who has received it before?

The withholding of the solemn nuptial blessing (see April, 1932, issue) from a woman who has once received it, is an indication that the Church, like the Apostle St. Paul, considers a second marriage as less perfect than a chaste widowhood.

Does the withholding of the solemn nuptial blessing detract in any way from the graces of a second marriage?

Since the bestowal of the nuptial blessing belongs to the rite and solemnity, and not at all to the substance and validity of the marriage contract, its absence does not detract in any way from the essential graces of the sacrament. If the woman received the blessing before she may still be considered as enjoying its benefits; if she never received it before, she can receive it when she becomes a partner of a second marriage.

What is to be done when a widower marries a second time?

If the widower should marry a woman who never received the nuptial blessing before, the nuptial blessing may be imparted. The nuptial blessing is more for the woman and her office than for the man. (See April, 1932, issue.)

Does the Church legislate as to the interval between the death of one's married partner and a second marriage?

The Church says nothing about this matter in her Canon Law. She presumes that widows and widowers will observe the approved customs of the faithful in their respective countries, and also a decent respect for their departed consorts.

May children lawfully oppose the second marriage of their surviving parent?

Provided the surviving parent is of sound mind and otherwise capable, it does not devolve upon children to oppose their parent in contracting another marriage. It is his or her right, and neither their advice nor consent is necessary. However, where a second marriage would be the occasion of derision and injury to the good name of the family, children ought not to be blamed if they respectfully urge abandonment of a second marriage. In this matter, however, a prudent pastor will advise as to the best procedure. In some instances a second marriage might be very advisable for strong moral reasons. As said before, what is more perfect in itself might not always be the best course for an individual. St. Paul noticed this when he said: "I say to the unmarried and to widows it is good for them if they so remain, even as I [who am without a wife]. But if they do not contain themselves, let them marry. For it is better to be married than to burn (with passion)." (1 Cor. 7:8, 9.)

Are the banns of marriages to be contracted by widows and widowers announced in the same way as those of first marriages?

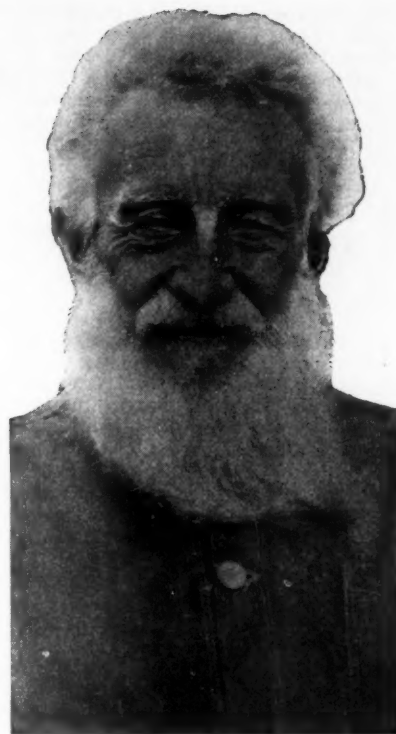
Second and further marriages are not exempt from the rule prescribing the publication of banns: "the pastor shall publicly announce between whom marriage is to be contracted." (Canon 1022.) The same reason for publicly announcing the banns of first marriages obtains in the case of second and further marriages—the safeguarding of the validity and lawfulness of the marriage contract.

May a dispensation from the banns be obtained?

If there are sufficient reasons and in the judgment of the pastor and the bishop it is morally certain that there is no impediment between the parties, it may be possible to obtain a dispensation from the banns. The regulations of the dioceses may differ in this matter.

A Strange Candidate for Sainthood

By John M. Ducey



Brother Joseph
(Ira Dutton)

THE Church does not favor the practice of calling a man a "Saint" until he has been canonized; much less is it approved before his death. Nevertheless, while he was yet living, Joseph Dutton was considered as a saint by many sincere Catholics in all parts of the world. The Holy Father saw fit to send him a personal, very special Apostolic Blessing. Non-Catholics revered him, too; after all, the appeal of his life was universal; he was the world's saint, a holy man of modern times. The thousands of telegrams and letters that were evoked in response to the news of his death drew attention to the reverence in which he was held all over the world, for, to use the words of ex-President Coolidge, "... wherever his story is told men will pause to worship."

Think of it; a saint born in Vermont! It seems unusual, to say the least. His parents were Ezra and Abigail Dutton, and he was christened "Ira." Not until his life was almost half over was he to bear the name of Joseph. As Ira Dutton he edited a humorous column in the *Janesville Gazette*, served as an officer in the Civil War, managed for a year or two a Kentucky distillery, was married and divorced. Unusual, indeed! But it was not as Ira Dutton that he attained a reputation for sanctity. In fact, the life of Joseph Dutton is so different from that of Ira one is tempted to consider them almost as distinct persons.

The assumption of the name Joseph took place on April 27, 1883, the occasion being his fortieth birthday and, more important, the day of his reception into the Catholic Church. Previous to this step his life had harbored elements which he later preferred to speak of but little; it was his "wild oats" period, the "secret years" he mentioned every now and then in his letters. He had decided to do penance for the remainder of his life, and the kind of penance he

was seeking was some sort of occupation in which he could serve his fellowman without any hope of compensation. Until that day his life had been his own; from now on it was to belong to God and to his fellowman.

Shortly after his conversion he wound up his temporal affairs and entered the Trappist monastery at Gethesemani, Ky., for a period of adjustment. After twenty months of the most rigorous monastic life he came out into the world again, strengthened in body and in spirit, with his plans unchanged. He began to investigate the different religious orders in the hope of finding one whose work fitted his needs and desires. While visiting the Redemptorist house in New Orleans he ran across a magazine article describing the heroic work being done by Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai. It was the only inspiration he needed.

"It was a new subject," he has written, "and attracted me wonderfully. After weighing it for a while I became convinced that it would suit my wants—for labor, for a penitential life and for seclusion. . . . Yet I was not thinking to hide exactly; it was the idea of 'beginning again.' . . . The only question was, could I get in there and be useful?"

IN HIS matter-of-fact way he set out after his object. He conferred with several priests and with a professor at Notre Dame University who had visited the leper settlement, stopped off at Janesville for a last visit with his mother (who had but recently followed him into the Church), took a humble emigrant train for the coast and set sail for the Hawaiian Islands in the meanest vessel he could find, a cattle-boat. Arrived at the Islands after a tedious voyage, he received the necessary permission from Bishop Hermann and the Board of Health and bought his passage to Molokai on the tiny

inter-island craft that was its contact with the outside world.

Father Damien was down at the boat landing to meet any new arrivals at the leper colony. A momentous meeting that between the bronzed Belgian priest, already showing the outward signs of the dread disease that was to bring him death, and the clean-limbed, sparkling-eyed American, who approached with springing step the buggy in which Damien sat.

"You are Father Damien?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes, I am," answered the priest.

"I am Joseph Dutton, and I have come to help you carry on your good work, if you will take me."

There was little hesitation in Damien's answer; surely this man must be Heaven-sent. There was no note of the erratic, fly-by-night romanticist about him. "I need you," were the priest's simple words. "Jump up here alongside of me, and we will ride over to the settlement."

From that day Joseph Dutton never left the Island of Molokai—until the very last year of his life, when he was carried to Honolulu a frail, practically dying man to have an operation. For three years he worked at the right hand of Father Damien, arranging and completing the myriad projects begun by the impulsive Belgian. He was an excellent helper in

this regard; he improved the sanitation, took over the sore-dressing from Father Damien (until 1900 the natives would never trust the Doctor to cleanse their horrible wounds) and finished the attractive chapel begun by his superior's loving hands. It was Dutton, too, who promised to care for the poor leprous orphans, so loved by Damien; it was he who buried the famous "Martyr of the Lepers" when he died, contented that the future of his charges was in good hands, in Holy Week, 1889.

OF THE placid, cheerful remainder of Joseph Dutton's life the world knows well the simple story, but there is another story, the story of his reasons for assuming this penitential existence, the story of Ira Dutton, which is not so well known. It is a tale filled with romance and with drama, a colorful story that awaits perhaps the pen of a Willa Cather to tell it in its complete humanness, in its true value. We can do little more in this writing than to sketch an outline.

Ira's boyhood was spent in Janesville, Wisconsin, where his family settled after moving from Vermont. The growing boy was taught by his mother—a lovely lady and a great companion to her son—until he was twelve, when his father insisted that he attend high school. Although it took physical force to insure Ira's presence the first day, he grew to enjoy the work later.

His "job" with the Janesville paper started when he was hardly more than ten. He folded papers, was office boy and conductor of a "Fun" column, consisting mainly of jokes copied from other papers. A few years later he worked in a bookstore, became the librarian of both the Baptist and Methodist Sunday Schools, helped organize and run a boys' gymnasium, was a member of a volunteer fire department: in short, was a perfectly normal boy, full of life and energy. When the call came for volunteers to defend the Union, he was naturally eager to join and despite the fact that he was barely eighteen quickly rose to the position of quartermaster sergeant.

In the quartermaster's department his duties called for responsibility rather than heroism, and he was dependable enough to be appointed first lieutenant and district quartermaster for Northern Alabama before the war ended. It was an important position and required frequent trips to the headquarters at Nashville for supplies and payroll money.

On one of these trips he met an attractive Ohio girl, staying with some Nashville relatives. She was a beautiful young belle and he a dashing Army officer. It was not long before they were in love. Every visit to

Nashville was joyful after that, and soon Lieutenant Ira announced to his friends that he was engaged.

The friends were not at all pleased. Besides being an acknowledged beauty, the young Lieutenant's fiancée had a reputation for other qualities not quite so desirable in a young lady, especially in a young lady one intends to marry. Dutton's fellow-officers tried to impress this on their friend, foreseeing the disaster that threatened him, but their advice was wasted. Even when the truth of their judgments on the girl's character became evident to him he would not change: he still loved her, was sure that marriage would change her for the better. She would reform, she needed but to settle down, he argued. So marry they did, on New Year's Day of 1866, while Dutton was on his way home to be mustered out of the Army.

The match was a mistake; Dutton himself came to realize that eventually. He has written: "My marriage . . . was the first serious mistake. Of course," he hastens to add, "I am not deprecating marriage in general; it is only this particular one I refer to." His wife was extravagant and unfaithful to him; not once or twice, which he could (and did) forgive, but habitually, persistently. Before their marriage was two years old she left him and went to New York with another man. He never saw his wife again, although he did attempt a reconciliation by letter.

THIS was enough to start the ex-soldier on the downward path. He was pretty heavily in debt, his hopes and ambitions for the future evaporated, he was without a definite objective in life. He began to drift and drifted into drink. Not that he ever became a drunkard, or a "bum," but for a self-respecting man the amounts of his imbibings were reasonably large.

Unexpectedly he was invited by some friends to manage for them a distillery in southern Kentucky, and the chance gave him at least a definite object to work for. "This was, of course, a surprise," he writes. "Although used to the finished product for some years, I had never seen the inside of a distillery." He plunged into the venture feverishly and made it a success. "My strength was expended," he says reminiscently, "in a grim eagerness for work, never stopping hardly at the high-water mark of physical strength and endurance: making the night run, doing the yeasting and the mashing; by day attending to the business; sleeping hardly more than an hour at a time; taking a medium drink of whiskey every hour."

After a couple of years in the liquor business the prospective candidate

for sainthood was given an opportunity to start anew in life, when a series of lawsuits broke up the firm for which he was working. He found a new position in Memphis with the L. & N. Railroad. The railroad men were a more decent-living group (many being total abstainers) than his recent associates, and after a while his moral tone began to rise. There were not so many "sprees." Promotion on the railroad (he ended up as chief bill-clerk) spurred his ambition, and the genteel acquaintances he made in the city of Memphis—the family of Jefferson Davis, the Semmes, the Masons, the Carruthers—renewed his desire for respectability. The road uphill was a long one, however, and it was not until 1876, ten years after his marriage, that he finally gave up liquor. It was the first big step toward the future that fate had destined him for. He mentions the Fourth of July in that year, the centenary of the Declaration of Independence, as the date of his own "declaration of independence from John Barleycorn."

His desire for respectability grew, and as he came in contact with several ministers of the Anglican Church he decided to enter that communion formally. He became interested in its teachings and the many fine men and women in it. Eventually, at the suggestion of a Dr. Gray, he began to study with the intention of becoming a priest. His friends and the churches he attended were very "High Churchish"; their ministers were called "priests," the ritual was impressive and the "branch theory" of the institution of the churches faithfully adhered to. All of these things appealed to the mind of Ira Dutton; in his own expression, he was "caught in the branches."

In 1876 he began a new kind of employment, working for the Government as a special agent, investigating claims for damages done during the Civil War. He traveled a great deal in this endeavor, but usually kept his headquarters at Memphis. During one year, 1881, he stayed at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where he had been married and had lived for some time. While here he decided to divorce his wife; the evidence required for the case was volunteered. In fact, an uncle of his wife's took care of the case for him. There was no contest, and the decree left him again a free man.

DURING his years as Government agent he also managed to pay back all of the old debts acquired in his "degenerate decade," 1866-1876. With the passing of the years and growing interest charges these had more than doubled since contraction and amounted to about \$6,000. There was no strict legal obligation requiring

these payments; it was just another sign of a reawakening conscience.

Once free of his marriage bond and his debts Dutton began to study seriously for the Anglican priesthood. After some preliminary reading and conducting a service or two the Bishop suggested that he help Dean Kline, who occupied the official residence adjoining St. Mary's Cathedral in Memphis. Although much edified by the Anglican priests and even more by the Anglican Sisters, who conducted the Cathedral school, he was led away from Methodism by his studies

there, and, like so many another student of ecclesiastical history, he was drawn towards Catholicism.

He changed his residence and spent a whole year in studying the validity of the Catholic claims to be the One True Church and at the end was convinced. It gave him a great feeling of satisfaction, of peace: after drifting so long at last to find the port he had been seeking. He was instructed by the Rev. J. A. Kelly, O.P., and on his fortieth birthday, kneeling at the high altar of St. Peter's Church, a Dominican nun on each side, he was

baptized. It was indeed a "new birth," the beginning of a new life.

For a few months Ira Dutton still lived to the world, until he could settle his affairs and resign his position as investigating agent for the War Department and United States Commissioner for Western Tennessee. But in his heart, and before God, he was already Joseph Dutton, resolved to a life of penance and service of his fellowman. How worth while the results of that resolution have been even the heartfelt admiration of the world cannot estimate.

SEEING *and* BELIEVING

By Ferdinand
Valentine, O.P.

IS THE eye-witness of an event the best witness?

Although it is sometimes said quite truthfully that the nearer we approach to anything the better we see it, is it not possible that an eye-witness may not see what he is looking at?

A journalist—if the reader will forgive for the sake of contrast an example from the realm of sport—a journalist has a ringside seat at a prize-fight; may he not, does he not, miss the drama through looking at the fight? The fight is rather an obvious affair under his nose; two men clad in resplendent dressing-gowns enter a roped-square; they strip, are bandaged and gloved and for, perhaps, an hour fight as if their lives were at stake.

The historian looking at the same event through the years will see the drama. The result will not interest him nor the personality of the combatants. He will see a huge building crammed to suffocation with human beings; ladies and gentlemen in evening dress; royalty occupying ringside seats; the populace cooped in the far-off galleries roaring encouragement to the popular favorite.

And the historian will write:

"The prize-fight brought all classes of the people together, whilst outside the fields lay fallow and both homes and churches were deserted."

DIFFERENT people looking on the same scene see different things. Walking through a woodland glade a paper manufacturer will see the wood, a Linnaeus will see the trees, plants and leaves, the artist, or shall I say the average man, will see the woodland glade.

The matter does not rest there. It is a fact of everyday observation that when even average men see the same

woodland glade they form different opinions about it. Or remark a similar phenomenon in the world of music.

A concert of classical music has been given in a well known concert-hall by, shall we say, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Open your morning's papers and read what the critics have to say about it and how the critics, who have been selected for that particular craft because they can appreciate the beautiful in music, differ about it. In fact, open four or five newspapers any morning and read what eye-witnesses of some particular event have seen. You will find an almost ludicrous difference of opinion.

THE phrase "Seeing is believing" has been discredited as a stupid contradiction by no less an illustrious person than St. Paul, and whatever value it might possess as a loose colloquialism would seem to be lost on the discovery that seeing, particularly nowadays, is not even *seeing*, when those who have eyes see not and those who have ears hear not.

Any event whether in home, palace or Congress is far too complicated a thing to be seen by an eye-witness, for the only eye that can immediately know its full charge of significance and can correctly place it is, quite obviously, the Eye of Providence. The human eye-witness will often better understand either an event or a personality and perceive more of its real value years after the actual experience. That trivial decision (so we

then thought) is now recognized as the turning point of a career; that Incident in a small cave years ago was the turning point in the history of the world. Or again that little insignificant woman has now made a name for herself in the history of Eternity, if not in human history, by the quiet, unselfish nursing of a husband or a father, for five, ten, twenty years. (For we must always remember that if great women are sometimes acclaimed Queens of the Air, the greatest women are those enthroned in the Home.)

SURELY, then, the most reliable records of an event are those who live long enough to bear witness to what they have seen, the old men giving us an eye-witness account of events which they saw in their youth. It might even be maintained that the old witness is the only eye-witness worth believing and that Nature intended this by giving the old man and, of course, the old woman an almost uncanny faculty of recapturing vividly and faithfully the incidents of childhood and youth. Is that not why St. John may be called the greatest of the Evangelists because he lived long enough to know better than them all the Christ Whom he had met as a boy? He had been near enough to the Master to hear the beating of His Heart, but it was only in his old age that he was far enough away from Jesus not merely to understand Him but to comprehend some of the deep secrets of that Heart.

The further we recede from the Incarnation historically the nearer we draw to it intellectually. It is really very silly for some modern agnostics to think that they are too far from Christ to know Him when we can know Him today better than did His own Apostles.

FRIEND—*By John Bunker*

I KNOW a man who seems to me
In his consummate entity
As sound a man, as fine, as true,
As ever came within my view;
And while I have within my breast
A heart to serve for friendship's nest,
Him will I cherish, him will I hold
Beyond Time's clutch, so withering cold.

For one thing, he's by nature gay
And does not dash the living day
With talk of his own aches and woes
(A trait exceeding rare, heaven knows),
But sealing up within his heart
Both grievous wound and trivial smart
He still withholds from speech most vain
The intimate news of private pain,
And gazing with a jocund eye
Upon this world's rich pageantry
He takes life lightly as a flower
To be enjoyed, then dropped next hour,
Escaping so the fault of such
As prize it, or themselves, too much.

To please a friend he'll stand or run
Or climb a hill or lie in the sun
Or play at cards or go a walk
Or waste the night in glorious talk
With no more thought, with no more care
For that thief Time than passing air,
So that the grave and pompous asses
Who always peer through solemn glasses
Survey his pranks in sore amaze
At his serene, indifferent ways
And strive in vain the cause to see
Of his divine frivolity.

To see him smile you'd never guess
That he had drunk of bitterness;
To hear him laugh you'd never know
That he had trod strange tracts of woe.
Yet he has known the deadly chill
That grips the pressed, yet stubborn will,
And he has felt the fiercest heat
That on the aspiring soul may beat;
For well he knows that there are seasons
When men must strike for deadly reasons,
And so whenever the strict hour
For action hits, in serious power
Still he advances to the fight
With sober joy and stern delight
And following Honor where she goes
He gives, and takes, heroic blows. . . .

Honest, he bares the essential act
And drags to light the naked fact
Of basic motive, even his own,
Though th' heavens quake and Tophet groan;
And therefore, though I duly prize
His joyous nature, simple, wise,
His gentle moods, his debonair
Courtesy, as frank as fair,
I sometimes think when we're together
I value most his rougher weather—
And therewithal a gift for cursing
Would hearten one at one's own hearing.

Oh, it rejoices me to hear
His curses rising full and clear,
Curses that fall both hot and fast
Like rocks from a volcano cast:
For black injustice, gorged wealth,
For slinking lies and coward stealth,
For loud pretense, the hollow cause
Which, winning, has the world's applause,
For scandal's vile and poisonous tongue,
For hate that does our nature wrong,
For rankling envy, wolfish greed
That ravens on another's need,
For all that's dark and rotten and base,
For all that makes this earth a place
Of savage gloom and animal strife,
Of loathsome death and stinking life,
For all that damps the holy fire
Of human faith and high desire,
For all that clogs our spirits free
And wrongs our hid divinity—
For these, for these his curses roll
In noble music from his soul,
A living flame, a flaring light
Within our dark and perilous night.

Him neither pride may shake, nor power,
Success not spoil, nor failure sour;
For, heedless of the insolent throng
And what they say of right and wrong,
From deeper wells his strength he draws
Than this world's threats or yet applause;
And whether things go well or ill
All's one to him, he follows still
The secret voice, the inner law,
Whose name is love, delight, and awe.

This is the man for whose sole sake
I'd suffer all—rope, rack, or stake;
Oh, this is he I call my friend
And will unto the journey's end.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ■ Answers ■ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

J. J.—A short sketch of the Life of Sister Benigna Consolata can be obtained from the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C. The indulgences formerly attached to the beads of the Stations of the Cross have been withdrawn by the Sacred Penitentiary.

M. C. G.—No one should keep company with a person who is not free to marry. Bring the matter before your Pastor.

L. S. Z.—If the ceremony took place after Easter, 1908, the marriage was invalid.

F. W. F.—Belloc's "Gallery of Portraits" has not yet been published in book form. We expect to bring it out later, but we cannot at this moment give the price.

Wondering.—The condition you mention is not generally required. Ask your confessor.

E. C.—Write to the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, N. Y., for the pamphlet on Blessed Peter Eymard.

Sr. M. S. H.—We expect to publish Rev. Hugh F. Blunt's "Give This Man Place" in book form in the near future.

H. H.—The Life of Blessed Theophane Venard is to be recommended.

G. A. T.—The Council of Trent was held in the Austrian Tyrol from 1545 to 1563. It was the longest General Council in the history of the Church. A book published at that time might prove of great value, provided it gives a true history of the proceedings.

L. B.—Write to the Baltimore Catholic Review, 415 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md., for information. The clue which you give is too meager to follow.

J. S.—The typographical error is apparent.

J. A. F.—We strongly advise against the marriage. It is not the honorable thing to do. However, you ought to seek the advice of your confessor.

M. J.—The Series on the Canon Law of Marriage has not yet been published in book form, as we have remarked already in The Sign Post. You might try the Catholic book stores with reference to the pamphlet.

A. M. Z.—Neither of the books and magazines are to be recommended because of the religious views of the authors.

C. J. McL.—Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an answer.

M. L.—You made no mention of how the marriage was contracted, whether before a priest or a minister or a justice of the peace. The time is also necessary to know. If not before a priest and since Easter, 1908, the marriage would be considered invalid and both parties free to marry again.

MORALITY OF HUNGER STRIKE

You have no doubt read about the professor in Washington, D. C., who went on a hunger strike as a protest against unemployment. There seems to be a difference of opinion among Catholics about the lawfulness of this. A priest in Detroit, who has a reputation as a sociologist, says that such an act cannot be classed as suicide, so long as he does not take anything to shorten his life, for there is nothing wrong in refraining from eating. The United Press quotes Dr. Ryan, of the Catholic University, as stating that Dr. Wolter, the professor, should be fed forcibly, and further said that "it is practically a case of

suicide." The above statements conflict, and cause confusion to the average person. Will you please explain the morality of a hunger strike?

ELMHURST, N. Y.

E. S.

Suicide, or the direct killing of oneself on one's own authority, is forbidden by the Fifth Commandment, and can never be lawful. If hunger striking is suicide it can never be permitted. If it is not suicide, or direct self-destruction, it may be lawful under certain conditions. Those who hold that such a strike may be lawful arrive at this conclusion from the accepted principle of the lawfulness of placing a cause which has two effects—one good and one bad. The following conditions are required for placing such an act: (1) the act must be morally good, or at least indifferent, and not otherwise forbidden; (2) the good effect must follow as immediately from the cause as the evil effect, and not *through* the evil effect. Otherwise the evil effect would be intended for the sake of the good effect, which is never lawful; (3) the evil effect, which is foreseen to follow from placing the good or indifferent cause, is not intended, but merely permitted; (4) there must be a proportionately grave cause for placing the act and permitting the evil effect, for even a morally good or indifferent cause becomes evil if performed for a bad end. Killing in self-defense is an example of a proportionately grave cause for permitting an evil effect. Theologians who oppose the hunger strike attack it as not fulfilling these conditions, especially the first. A person can do wrong by omission as well as commission.

There are many difficulties in the way of giving an opinion on this case. First, the professor may not seriously intend to starve himself, but only to attract attention. Second, he may not actually be without all food and drink.

Whatever may be thought of the hunger strike in itself, such a means does not seem to have any good effect. The country in general and those in authority in particular are quite aroused to the evil of unemployment. Therefore, even on the score of the fourth condition (which must always be present when acting on the above mentioned principle) we think that the professor is not justified. Such a strike appears useless, even though the strike in itself were good or at least indifferent.

Our opinion is that Dr. Ryan is right, and that, if the hunger strike is real and not a ruse, "it is practically a case of suicide."

F. MARION CRAWFORD: HENRY SIENKIEWICZ

Are any of the books written by F. Marion Crawford and Henry Sienkiewicz forbidden by the Catholic Church?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. F. G.

No. Both are regarded by Catholics generally as reputable authors.

PRENUPTIAL PROMISES—THE PAPAL TRAIN

(1) What are the promises demanded of non-Catholics when they wish to marry Catholics? (2) What was the purpose of the recent decree of the Holy See in this regard? (3) I enclose an Associated Press dispatch describing the Vatican City's new railroad. Though it is

only 600 feet long a station will be built which would do justice to a 600 mile system. The Pope will have a dining and sleeping coach; in short a special train "of a magnificence probably unsurpassed in the history of railroads!" Why, when there is such a crying need for every penny to relieve unemployment and abject poverty, does the Pope, etc.? I find it hard to answer when my non-Catholic friends, etc.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

V. C.

(1) The non-Catholic party must promise that he will not interfere in any way with the religion of the Catholic party. Both Catholic and non-Catholic must promise that all the children shall be baptized and educated as Catholics. (This question was treated at length in the December 1931 issue of *THE SIGN*, page 219.)

(2) The decree of the Holy See, dated January 14, 1932, did not add anything substantially new to the promises required before a dispensation can be granted by those having authority to do so. The distinctive feature of the new decree is to the effect that the assurances given before a dispensation is granted must be such that no one can hinder their execution. Hereafter no dispensation for a mixed marriage can be given when there is no moral probability that the promises will be kept, especially in places where either the civil law will not permit them to be kept, or where a local civil authority or an heretical minister will be able to thwart the will of the parties. If a dispensation is granted in such cases it will be invalid. The effect of an invalid dispensation is that a marriage entered into between a Catholic and baptized non-Catholic is valid, but illegal. If between a Catholic and an unbaptized non-Catholic, the marriage is both illegal and invalid. The effect of an invalid dispensation is produced at the moment of the marriage, and not after a lapse of time. The first press dispatches about this decree were egregiously erroneous and misleading.

(3) All dispatches of the Associated Press are not patently true. The case of the account of mixed marriages is a glaring instance of a false report. But even supposing that the dispatch is true, we can see no reason why a distinct and independent State cannot provide itself with a railroad and a suitable station. It is not outside the realm of probability to think that the Pope may emerge from the Vatican City for trips to foreign countries. If so, it is fitting that he be provided with at least the conveniences which most countries provide for their presidents or sovereigns in the same circumstances. Moreover, by building the railroad and station the Pope is "giving a job" to many men. Everybody knows that he is constantly helping the distressed with contributions of money. We sincerely hope that our questioner is not so painfully obtuse as to imagine that the Pope's train is to be confined within the narrow boundaries of Vatican City.

This question leads us to comment that we ardently wish that Catholics might develop a better defense with regard to criticisms of this kind. A sense of loyalty for the Church, together with a little human ingenuity (or common sense) will enable Catholics to escape being ever on the defensive.

PENALTY FOR MISSING EASTER COMMUNION

In the February, 1932, issue the following question was asked: "Is it possible to bury a member of the Church from the church when he has not made his Easter duty?" You answered: "There is no specific penalty inflicted for the omission of the Easter duty." I was always under the impression that one who neglected his Easter duty was excommunicated and therefore could not be buried from the Church. Will you please explain?

GRAYMOOR, N. Y.

J. P.

The reason why a Catholic who culpably neglects to receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Commu-

nion at least once a year, during the Easter season, is not excommunicated is because the Code of Canon Law does not attach a penalty to its violation. The IV Council of the Lateran (1254 A. D.) attached the penalty of deprivation of ecclesiastical burial to a violation of the Paschal precept. The 11 Plenary Council of Baltimore embodied this penalty in its decrees. But the revised Codex of Canon Law is silent about it. Therefore, it is presumed that the old penalty is no longer in force. Of course if a Catholic would culpably neglect to receive the Sacraments at least once a year for a notable period of time, he might be considered in the class of "public and manifest sinners," especially if he manifested contempt for ecclesiastical authority and violated other precepts of the Church as well. Public and manifest sinners are to be deprived of Christian burial, unless they repent before death. (Canon 1240.)

PROTESTANT MARRIAGES: MIXED MARRIAGES: GROUNDS FOR ANNULMENT

(1) *If two Protestants marry and later become Catholics, must they be married again in the Catholic Church?* (2) *If a Catholic marries a Protestant and later finds out that she was never baptized, can he seek an annulment, although he obtained a dispensation before marriage?* (3) *On what grounds are annulments usually granted?*

NORWICH, CONN.

C. M.

(1) Provided their marriage was valid, nothing is to be done about it when they become converts to the Catholic Church. The marriage of two baptized non-Catholics, not otherwise impeded, is a valid and sacramental marriage, as between two Catholics.

(2) The nullifying impediment of disparity of worship exists between a Catholic and an unbaptized person. But provided the impediment was dispensed the marriage was valid and lasting till death.

(3) The presence of any one of the nullifying impediments, if proved to have existed at the time of marriage, would constitute grounds for a declaration of nullity. See November, 1931, and January, 1932, issues of *THE SIGN*, art. "Impediments of Marriage."

N. B. The Life of St. Therese of the Child Jesus can be obtained through *THE SIGN*.

FREE WILL: JANSENISTS AND JESUITS

(1) *Will you please give me a clear explanation of what is meant by free will.* (2) *Who were the Jansenists, and what was the nature of the controversy between them and the Jesuits in regard to grace and free will?*

ST. LOUIS, MO.

M. K.

(1) Freedom in general denotes immunity from a bond. With respect to the human will freedom signifies that property and perfection by which the will, when everything required for an act is placed, (such as advertence to the moral quality of the act or omission, deliberation, etc.) is not determined to act, or to act in this or that way, but determines itself to act or not to act at all. There is a twofold element in freedom of the will, one negative and the other positive. The negative element is the absence of internal necessity; the positive element is self-determination. The liberty which is the property of the human will is the liberty of indifference. In other words the freedom which belongs to the will is such that there is no internal determination in the will to act in a certain way, but the will remains indifferent to a variety of acts and can choose any one of them, or refrain from choosing.

(2) The Jansenists were followers of the doctrines of Cornelius Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres in Belgium, who died in 1638. The Bishop revived the condemned teaching of Baius, a professor of the University of Louvain, in a work in three volumes called *Augustinus*, and which purported to give the correct interpretation of the mind

of St. Augustine on free will and Divine grace. The book was published after his death. In the forefront of those who opposed the doctrines of Jansenius were the Jesuits. The chief cause of the controversy was the teaching of Jansenius on the relation of the human will to Divine grace. According to him the human will is *determined* to act according as Divine grace or concupiscence exerts a greater pressure on it. This is but one instance of Jansenistic doctrine. The Jesuits, in conformity with the doctrine of the Council of Trent, maintained that the human will is still free under the influence of grace, and that there is no internal necessity moving the will to either good or evil. Logically, Jansenistic teaching in this matter was as heretical as that of Luther and Calvin. Five propositions of the *Augustinus* were condemned as heretical by Innocent X on May 31, 1653. But this condemnation did not end the trouble. It was not until July 16, 1705, that some semblance of peace was effected by the promulgation of the bull of Clement XI, *Vineam Domini Sabaoth* in which the pontiff condemned all the subterfuges invented by the Jansenists in order to maintain their doctrines.

"DESCENDED INTO LIMBO": BIBLE PROHIBITED IN MALTA?

(1) *In the Island of Malta we are taught to say in the Apostles' Creed—"He descended into Limbo", instead of "He descended into Hell." Which is correct? (2) Why are Catholics of Malta forbidden to read the Catholic Bible?*
NEW YORK, N. Y. S. M.

(1) There is no real distinction between Limbo and Hell in this article of the Apostles' Creed. In the strict sense Hell means the state and place of those who suffer eternal punishment. In the wide sense Hell is used to designate the Limbo of Infants who die in original sin; the Limbo of the Fathers, who were waiting for the Redemption; and Purgatory, where those who die in God's friendship are cleansed of all stain before admission into Heaven. It is clear, therefore, that Limbo in the Apostles' Creed, as recited in Malta, means the Limbo of the Fathers.

(2) We have never heard before that the Catholic Bible is forbidden to be read by Catholics in Malta. Moreover, we do not believe that it is true. What you probably have in mind is the prohibition of the Church against reading the Bible, unless the version has been approved by competent ecclesiastical authority. This prohibition is not confined to the Island of Malta, but is universal. The purpose of this prohibition is to safeguard the faith of Catholics, which would be gravely injured by reading false versions of the Bible.

MARRIAGES FORBIDDEN BETWEEN NEAR RELATIVES

(1) *Is it ever allowed a niece to marry her uncle on her mother's side? Is such a marriage forbidden by Divine Law, and why?*

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

M. F.

(2) *May children of two sisters marry, or is the relationship too close?*

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.

J. O.

(1) Marriage between uncle and niece is forbidden both by Divine Law (*Lev. 18:6-20*) and Canon Law (Canon 1076). While the Mosaic Law prescribed that persons should marry only within the tribe, nevertheless it forbade marriage between those closely related. This prohibition was intended to enforce the respect due to those near of kin, to extend the circle of one's relatives, and to prevent the birth of defective children. While it is in the power of the Church to dispense the impediment existing between an uncle and niece, the Holy See by a recent decree restricted the power of dispensation, and allowed its exercise only for most grave canonical reasons.

(2) Children of two sisters are within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. According to the present law

the impediment of consanguinity extends to all the degrees of the direct line, ascending and descending, and to the third degree (second cousins) in the indirect, or collateral, line. Children of two sisters are related in the second degree collateral.

END OF WORLD: AVOCATIONS IN HEAVEN: CONVERTS FROM MORMONISM

(1) *Have any theologians ventured an opinion as to the time when the end of the world will take place and are there any prophecies regarding it? (2) Is Heaven a continuation of the life which we live here on earth—that is, once an artist always an artist? (3) Do we make any converts from the Mormon Church? If so, how many in ten years?*
M. M.

(1) That this material world will have an end is clearly stated in Holy Scripture. (*II Peter 3:11-13*.) But, as far as we know, Catholic theologians have never gone to the absurd lengths of some deluded persons who have set an exact date for this consummation only to have the lie given them when the date passed without anything happening. Theologians, however, discuss the events which, according to Scripture, will precede the end of the world. Father Lanslots, O.S.B., treats of these signs in *The End of the World*.

(2) Heaven may be considered a continuation of this life in the sense that it is the end of existence, as the oak is the end of the acorn. But it is idle to speculate about the state of the Blessed. All we know is that they shall be "like unto the angels," whose office and blessing it will be to praise and glorify God forever. Earthly avocations and professions are the result of man's dual nature of body and soul. When the glorified body shall be united to the blessed soul there will be no need of avocations and professions for the simple reason that they shall have no reason of existence.

(3) We have no statistics with reference to the number of converts from the Mormon church, but we presume that they are very small.

DEVOTION IN HONOR OF WOUNDED SHOULDER OF CHRIST

I have been saying a prayer in honor of the wounded shoulder of Christ for years. Now I learn from the April issue of THE SIGN, page 544, that this prayer has been condemned by the Holy See as false and apocryphal.

A. D.

In our opinion the Holy See did not condemn the devotion to the wounded shoulder of Christ, but rather the revelation and promises alleged to have been made to St. Bernard by Our Lord in favor of those who practised this devotion and the extraordinary indulgences supposed to have been made by Pope Eugenius III to the same end. The wounds which our Saviour suffered for our salvation are worthy of special remembrance and Divine honor, because they are the wounds of the God-Man. It is most plausible that the pressure of the cruel cross made a great wound in Christ's shoulder. But it is one thing to honor a special wound in Christ's innocent body and another thing to say that those who honor this wound will enjoy special privileges and indulgences. It is these special privileges and indulgences, together with the alleged revelation made to St. Bernard, that the Holy See condemned as false and apocryphal.

DIFFICULTIES ABOUT EVOLUTION

It is easy to understand that the Almighty could either make a man out of an ape or put within the ape the power to develop into a human body, just as simple a possibility as the fact of creation. What I cannot understand is that if God so constructed the mechanism of the ape as to cause it to eventually evolve into a human being why has this evolution ceased; in other words, as evidently as not all apes have changed into humans why did they not change and why do they not change. It seems to me that the evolution of an ape into a human

being is like the change of a tadpole into a frog, but that change takes place continually.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

A. M. L.

Leaving aside what it is possible for God to do, the fact remains that so far no conclusive evidence has yet been discovered which proves that at any time an ape has evolved into a man, even in the sense that the body of the ape evolved to that stage of perfection which made its body fit for the reception of the human soul. Of course the human soul could never evolve from the ape, for it is impossible, according to reason, for a brute soul to evolve into a rational soul. Until conclusive evidence has been produced the question of the evolution of man's body from that of the ape is merely academic.

Catholics are free to study this matter, but they can never call into doubt that as a matter of revelation the soul of the first man was directly created by God. Your example of the evolution of a tadpole is beside the point. The tadpole evolves into a frog because such is the process of nature, just as an oak evolves from an acorn or a human fetus evolves into an adult human being. The same species is continued throughout the various stages of development. But for a man to evolve from an ape there is question of two distinct orders of being. It is impossible for a lower species to evolve into a species of a distinctly higher order unless the Creator puts into it the power to do so. But there is no evidence that such has ever been the case.

SOME NAMES OF GOD

Do the words God, Almighty God, Lord, and Lord God refer to any one Person of the Holy Trinity?

DAVENPORT, Iowa.

F. B.

God is one in Nature and three in Person. The names referred to above designate the unity of the Divine Nature and not the distinction of Persons.

OLD CATHOLICS AND INTERCOMMUNION WITH ANGLICANS

Lately I have been reading in the press of an agreement between the Anglican Church and a church called the Old Catholic Church. Just what connection has this latter church with the Catholic Church and what is meant by their recognizing the validity of Anglican orders?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

R. C. K.

The Old Catholics are a schismatic body of Germans which seceded from the Church in protest over the decree of the Council of the Vatican in 1870, which proclaimed that the infallibility of the Pope was a divinely revealed dogma of faith. They held that this dogma was contrary to the historic Catholic faith and therefore refused to accept it. Like all heretics and schismatics, they professed adherence to what they considered the ancient Catholic faith. Hence the name which they assumed—Old Catholics. It is clear, however, that they are but another type of Protestants. The new sect was cultivated by Bismarck in Germany in order to further his intolerable policy of Kulturkampf and also to weaken the unity of the Church. Catholic churches were appropriated for the use of the Old Catholics in Germany, Switzerland and other places. In order to have some semblance of an hierarchy episcopal orders were bestowed on Professor Reinkens of Breslau by the Jansenist bishop of Deventer in Holland on August 11, 1873. Bishop Reinkens fixed his "see" at Bonn. The Old Catholics of Germany were in communion with the Jansenist church of Utrecht, Holland, who also claim to be Old Catholics. The latter schismatic body fell away from the Church on the occasion of the Jansenist controversy. The Old Catholics of both sides are numerically unimportant and are constantly dwindling. Before the World War 40,000 was a generous estimate of the Old Catholics of Germany and 9,000 was about the peak in numbers of the schismatic church of Utrecht. Since

both these bodies still claim to be Catholic and have valid orders the Anglicans have approached them in order to obtain, under whatsoever title, even a tainted one, some recognition of their Catholic claims. But what the recognition of Anglican orders on the part of Old Catholics means is very puzzling. It is our opinion that the Old Catholics themselves are seeking to insure themselves from dissolution by cultivating the Anglicans.

BOOK ON INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

Could you suggest a book, or books, on the spiritual, philosophical, and critical interpretation of History?

CINCINNATI, O.

J. T. M.

The Catholic Church and History, Europe and the Faith, and Survivals and New Arrivals, all by Belloc; and *The Spirit of Catholicism* by Dr. Karl Adam are highly to be recommended.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

C. T. W., Philadelphia. K. C. V., Union City, Ind. H. R., Wilmington, Del. S. E. F., St. Louis, Mo. T. M. M., New York, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

W. M., Revere, Mass. M. B., New York, N. Y. L. McC., Union City, N. J. E. J. W., Somerville, Mass. A. D., Jersey City, N. J. M. M., McKeesport, Pa. N. S., Louisville, Ky. G. G. G., Lancaster, Pa. H. S., Jamaica, N. Y. A. R. L., New York, N. Y. A. D., Chicago, Ill. T. G., New York, N. Y. L. L., Tuckahoe, N. Y. P. S., Detroit, Mich. C. B., Newton Center, Mass. A. E. G., New Haven, Conn. M. E. L., Pittsburgh, Pa. Bethlehem Academy, Bardstown, Ky. M. M., Jersey City, N. J. W. J. S., Salem, Mass. I. McL., New York, N. Y. A. M. P., Chicago, Ill. H. A. H., Dania, Fla. A. D., Kenmore, N. Y. C. C., Worcester, Mass. C. W., Brockton, Mass. L. B., Joliet, Ill. M. B. C., Chicago, Ill. T. N., Far Rockaway, N. Y. A. C., Blackpool, England.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who had been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

THE STAR OF THE COLORED FEDERATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I must confess that Rev. C. J. Ahern's letter in the May issue of *THE SIGN*, in which he comments on my recent article in *The Chronicle*, is somewhat confusing. Perhaps the reason it is confusing (and I have had several people read it, and all had the same impression) is that Father Ahern is not well acquainted with the situation of the colored Catholic in relation to Catholic circles; and so did not understand fully the statements in my article. At the end, this statement is made by Father Ahern: "Personally, I like Father Mark's opinion." Just which opinion he means, I cannot say, but apparently he thinks I disagree with Father Mark's desire to solve the difficulties with which the colored Catholic is faced, in this manner: "To hitch your wagon to a star," that star being the Catholic Church. Well, there is no disagreement there; that is exactly what we in the Federation are advocating.

The Federated Colored Catholics of the U. S. is an organization created for this purpose, briefly stated: To stimulate Catholic Action, especially as it relates to

contact between colored and white Catholics. There would be no need for The Federation if a large part of the clergy and the white laity in the U. S. had not been practicing everything but Catholic Action in reference to their colored brethren. As Father Murphy so clearly states in his article, "The Christian Hand-clasp," in the May issue of *THE SIGN*: "Not the representatives of the true religion, but the misrepresentatives of it, cause the anguish which sensitive souls among our colored must at times endure from Christianity and Catholicism, so-called."

Let me give some concrete examples here in Chicago, although it is one of the most liberal and progressive cities in the U. S., from the standpoint of inter-racial cooperation:

1. Of the several large universities in Chicago, only one, DePaul University, a Catholic school, has steadily maintained a hostile attitude toward the admittance of colored students and a decidedly "anti-Negro" atmosphere in many of its classrooms.

2. In the public school system of Chicago, there is no segregation. Of course, there are some schools composed almost totally of colored students, because the neighborhood is composed almost totally of colored people. In the Catholic school system, however, there very definitely is segregation with a general rule given out that all colored Catholic children were to be sent to the "colored school," no matter how many miles away they lived. The situation became so rank, with some children as young as six years old traveling miles across town, even through the congested loop district, that many people actually left the Church and many more refused to consider a Catholic education for their children.

3. Very recently, a young colored woman in the East, who was taking instructions for admittance into the Catholic Church, was refused admittance into the Nurse Training School of a Catholic Hospital here solely on the basis of her color. The Mother Superior made it quite clear; and ended her letter thusly: "...and that's that!" Such an example of the spirit of "Catholicism" caused the young woman to decide that the Catholic Church was not the place she was seeking for the salvation of her soul.

4. Just a year or two ago, when our interracial groups were successfully opening the doors of some Protestant hospitals to colored patients a Catholic maternity hospital was erected "for mothers of the white race." Imagine: a Catholic hospital for members of one race! Ironically enough, it is located in a district inhabited almost entirely by colored people. This act caused more damage to the cause of Catholicism in Chicago than any single act of recent date, among white people as well as colored.

5. In the activities of The Interracial Commission of the Chicago Urban League, which serves as the clearing house for all interracial work in Chicagoland, cooperation has been received from the heads of practically every religious group except the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, although this cooperation has been earnestly and consistently solicited. Cooperation is being received from individual priests and lay members—and valuable cooperation—but it is small compared with that which might be received if the united support of the clergy, through the hierarchy, were given.

Hitch your wagon to a star? Surely, but where is the star? Is this the Catholic Church who has fought the battles of the depressed since her foundation? The whole situation in Chicago could be changed with one stroke of the pen—one order from the hierarchy here would give the same results as that order of the hierarchy in Philadelphia and elsewhere—the recognition of a colored Catholic as a Catholic! With that will come a more widespread spirit of understanding and friendliness and cooperation that is impossible as long as white

and colored people are deliberately kept apart by members of our own clergy. That is the legislation we want in Catholic circles; the legislation for matters outside of the Church we fight for in organizations outside of the Church.

How is this to be obtained? The answer is: Close cooperation between white and colored Catholics. Perhaps a conference is all that is needed in correcting a particular situation—perhaps the governing authorities do not know what is being done in a particular locality or what the attitude of thinking colored and white people is in regard to the situation. Perhaps a little moral suasion is needed—and then perhaps there is needed a long fight using every honest means of getting justice. Whatever is needed, that the Federation proposes to do!

We feel this: that if the organized Catholic body in the U. S. will say: "We believe in Catholic Action, and all that it implies, in regard to all people" and *practise it*, it will be the most powerful force not only in bringing about the improved race-relations which we so ardently desire, but in bringing into the Church thousands of people, white as well as colored, who now are outside. *Catholic Action*—that is our star!

CHICAGO, ILL.

ARTHUR G. FALLS, M. D.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD A CONVERT

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

In the April issue of *THE SIGN*, page 544, it is stated that Francis Marion Crawford was born in the Faith, but I have come across his name in lists of converts from sources which seem authoritative, and I have always heard him spoken of and referred to as a convert to the Catholic Church.

DARBY, PA.

H. M. KIELY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We take this occasion to say that Francis Marion Crawford was a convert to the Catholic Church, and that our former statement was erroneous.

STRANGE LATIN INSCRIPTION

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

In my young days when I went to school in Patzcuaro, a small town in the State of Michoacan on the west coast of Mexico, there were ruins of a convent built by the Jesuits in the year 1546. This convent was confiscated twice in different revolutions and re-bought again by the Catholics for a Catholic school.

In this old building on a wide staircase I used to see and admire an old painting of the Crucifixion. Below the painting was a mysterious inscription which puzzled all of us children passing up and down twenty or thirty times a day. Tourists came to the town and all of them who visited the place invariably inquired for the meaning of these strange words. But nobody seemed to know, until an old priest versatle in languages took up the study of it. Here is the inscription:

QV	AN	DI	TRIS	MUL	PA
OS	GUIS	RUS	TI	CEDINE	VIT
H SAN	MI	CHRIS	DUL	LA	

Many years have passed since I last saw it. Perhaps it has been destroyed or obliterated. I would not like to die, however, without leaving the meaning of these precious lines to some one who might appreciate a fine Latin rhyme, which is an expression of faith in the Redemption. This is the meaning of the inscription:

QVOS ANGUIS DIRUS TRISTI MULCEDINE PAVIT
HOS SANGUIS MIRUS CHRISTI DULCEDINE LAVIT
Those sadly deceived by the flattery of the treacherous serpent,

Were washed by the wonderful blood of Christ.

Here is the method of deciphering the inscription. Take the first two letters from top line and first two

letters from middle line and you get the word QVOS. Then take the second letters from top line and second from the middle line, which gives you ANGUIS. Follow this scheme, joining the letters of the top line with those of the middle line. Finally, join H of the bottom line to OS of the middle line, and the remaining letters of the bottom line to those of the middle line.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

ANTHONY M. BAEZ.

ABBREVIATED NAME OF ORDER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the April issue of *THE SIGN* you state that you do not know of any Order of priests using the letters C. S. F. I thought that you might be interested in the fact that the Congregation of Stigmatine Fathers use the letters C.S.F., as the abbreviated name of their Order.

A. K. NUGENT.

BOURGOING WAS ONLY AN EXAMPLE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am somewhat surprised that the philosophic Mon-signor Henry should take the infidel philosopher M. Bourgoing so seriously in his article, "Philosophic Coroners at the Papal Corpse" (April issue). What does M. Bourgoing know about the perpetuity of the Church? ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. H. WHALEN.

THE CATHOLIC THEATRE MOVEMENT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Twenty years ago, a meeting was held in the residence of Cardinal Farley, presided over by the Cardinal, and attended by an influential group of Catholics, lay and clerical. At that meeting The Catholic Theatre Movement was founded. Just as a matter of news, or the sensation of a day, the meeting was given considerable publicity by the press, and, of course, there was the usual exaggeration. From a thousand pulpits on the Sunday following the meeting, millions of Catholics were to be threatened with the thunders of Rome if they dared to attend any theatrical performance not sanctioned by the Church. What was at the time an organ of an influential body of theatrical managers, made the discovery that the new Movement inaugurated by Cardinal Farley was an insidious attack upon the liberties of the American people. Emma Goldman, the anarchist, uttered a violent blast of indignant protest. The Cardinal was not a patron of the theatre; hence, it was objected he could know nothing and, should say nothing, about its abuses. The kindly ecclesiastic of happy memory made the quiet answer that he did not need to see a battle to appreciate the horrors of war. That was years before the accumulated horrors of that war of all wars—our World War.

It will not be possible, though it might be interesting, to follow the history of The Catholic Theatre Movement year by year for the twenty years of its existence. Motto: "Oppose the Right to the Wrong Kind of Propaganda." Let us see how that motto was, and is, expressed in the activity of the Movement.

Each quarter a *Bulletin* is published reporting upon productions on the New York stage for a period of three months. These productions are appraised only for their moral values as determined from a Catholic or, let us say, a Christian standpoint. In 1931 a total of 150 plays was covered in the *Bulletin*. Of that, 17 were submitted on what was called a White List—in other words, a list of plays substantially free from any serious offense on the score of ordinary decency and Christian morality. To a General List, including plays about which there might be a possible difference of opinion, some 78 were consigned; and, then, there was a Supplementary List of productions, 55 in number, whose character would seem to leave no decently minded person in doubt about their undesirability from any standpoint of healthful amusement.

Carrying out its plan to "Oppose the Right to the Wrong Kind of Propaganda," this quarterly *Bulletin* was mailed to every Catholic publication throughout the country, accompanied by an advance notice of its salient features; this, resulting in inquiries from all parts of the country for copies of the *Bulletin*. The *Bulletin* is sent to every pastor in the Greater New York City, to the hierarchy of the United States, Canada, Ireland, England and Scotland. A Publicity List is maintained of nearly one thousand names of prominent leaders of thought and opinion with whom the Movement desires to keep in touch. The number of subscribing members is very small. There never has been any concerted drive on behalf of The Catholic Theatre Movement, as expressed in this standing notice in the *Bulletin*.

"Many Catholic activities have first claim upon the Catholic public. After such claims are acknowledged, The Catholic Theatre Movement would submit its plea for coöperation and support."

The White List, by the way, which has shrunk of late to one or two plays, is published every week in *The Catholic News* and *The Brooklyn Tablet*.

You can realize that there are many of our own people in this country who are unaware, for instance, of the great strides being taken in Catholic journalism and literature and that it is no great matter for wonder there should be Catholics who have never heard of The Catholic Theatre Movement.

For the twenty years of its existence the Movement has depended entirely upon voluntary service. There are no salaried officials. In its correspondence, printed forms are not used. Personal contact is sought with every one who writes. To correspondents far and near, who ask for a copy of the *Bulletin*—to priests and laymen who may desire suggestions in regard to parish dramatics, to sisters in academies and colleges who conduct courses on the drama, to playgoers who want a report on some special play, indeed to all who apply to it for information or counsel, The Catholic Theatre Movement responds as far as its limited resources will allow. The Movement has its own "follow-up" policy. To anyone in public life, here or abroad, whose utterances would seem to make it worth while, the *Bulletin* is sent, thus bringing to their knowledge its existence and purpose.

Should any readers of *THE SIGN* care to give me their names and addresses I will be glad to forward them to the office of the Movement and then in due course they will receive copies of the latest *Bulletin*; or they may write directly to 460 Madison Avenue, New York City. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ALFRED YOUNG.

MISSIONARY REQUESTS SMALL RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Two years ago you published an appeal of mine in *THE SIGN* for Catholic literature and I am always grateful to you for the same. Ever since that time a goodly number of Catholic papers are re-mailed to us and we distribute them to Catholics as well as non-Catholics here.

A fellow Jesuit of mine asks me to help him to get a few old religious articles for his poor Catholics. Will you kindly publish the enclosed appeal in *THE SIGN* and oblige.

(Rev.) ALBERT MUTHUMATAI, S. J.
SHEMBAGANUR, S. INDIA.

[Inclosure]

DEAR READER:

In these days of depression when many people feel their inability to help missionaries, may I (an Indian Jesuit of the Madura Vice-Province, S. India) propose to you a means which lies in the power of almost every one. In this part of the world where I live religious articles like pictures and rosaries have great value; they cost you little or nothing, but here they do wonders. So please send me whatever you can of these articles.

My address: J. F. Thomas, S. J., Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, Madura Dist., South India.

THE DIVINE CRAFTSMAN

By
Chas. F. Ferguson

AS I SET down this title I am reminded of a banner I once saw borne in a procession of "Christian Socialists." On it was a figure evidently intended to represent Our Savior. He was depicted as a modern workman. The halo crowning the head of this typical industrialist was meant, of course, to glorify labor. The artist's object was to impress on us the fact that the Son of God Himself toiled with His hands. To make the truth more striking he had attired his symbolic figure in rough overalls, while in the background tall factory chimneys threw up smoke darkening the sky.

I do not quarrel with his motive. Far from it. The fact which he depicted has changed the world's attitude towards the workers. However indirectly, it created the modern democratic movement. Those "Christian Socialists" may have distorted the truth but they had got hold of something which challenges the snobbishness of both the intellectual and the plutocrat. It freed the slave and the serf. It inspired factory laws for the protection of the workers and sanctioned the agitation of those who secured the liberty to combine for mutual security.

Back of all the frothy demagoguism of the tub-thumper we are compelled to recognize this much of truth—Christ was a manual laborer. And the tub-thumper, little as he is conscious of it, is himself a witness to the potency through the ages of that startling fact. But for the vision which the world beheld in the Carpenter's shed at Nazareth the sneers of Imperial Rome would have prevailed. The fetters of slavery would still bite into the swollen limbs of the bondsman. The lash of the slave-driver would be still heard. The pride with which that banner was borne was not without justification.

But there was something the artist did not tell us, something which he even falsified. He did not tell us what kind of a workman Our Lord was. He falsified unintentionally an important part of the Christian message to Labor. He represented the Son of God as a modern industrialist, and He was never that. Not only did the conditions of the age in which He lived forbid such a thing, but it is

even difficult to conceive of Him in that role.

It was no false reverence which made me feel that the figure on that banner was incongruous. It was incongruous. There is real incompatibility between the character of Jesus and the occupation in which He was shown. No objection can be raised on the ground that it is unbecoming to depict Our Savior in present-day garb. Medieval painters whose devotion is unquestionable gave to New Testament scenes the setting of their own world.

The error does not lie in the transgression of historical fact. Jesus belongs to all ages and it is useful sometimes to bring that fact home by depicting Him in the costume of our times. What I object to are the overalls of the factory-hand. Jesus was no factory-hand and could not have been. Therein lies the point. To realize that He was a workman is essential to our understanding of the full meaning of the Incarnation, but it is scarcely less essential to realize what kind of a workman He was.

CHRIST was a craftsman. He belonged to that world of labor which, up to a century or so ago, was found everywhere and still lingers on in obscure places. He toiled in the way that peasants have toiled from the beginning of history. The traditions which He inherited as a craftsman prevailed throughout the Roman Empire. The Bavarian wood-carver of today, the village carpenter sawing and planing in some remote American hamlet, the Hindoo brass-worker with his little punches and hammer, the Irish basket-maker, the peasant woman who weaves for her household—all these share that ancient tradition. They are all craftsmen.

We know the meaning of the word "craft." In the term "priestcraft" it has been given an ugly twist and is understood as meaning "cunning" in the sinister sense. It does mean cunning but not in the way that word suggests. It is the cunning of the experienced workman, the artisan, the artist, the man whose hands seem instinct with intelligence, whose brain works with and in his fingers. He is at the opposite pole to the me-

chanic, for he works with the whole of his personality. While his hands are busy his mind also is engaged in what he is doing. He is not trammelled by standardized mechanism but is free to impress his individuality on his work.

When it is finished it is a part of himself. His thought and feeling have entered into it and stamped themselves upon it. He is a creator. The table or chairs which he fashions may not be as smooth and regular as the articles turned out of the factory but they have a human look. The hand-made thing bears traces of the sensitive hand which made it. The true craftsman is an artist, a poet, that is (to give the word "poet" its literal significance) a maker of things.

Our Lord was all this. His humanity got right down into His work. If He had been only a mechanic His industry would have borne no trace of His personality. We should have missed the sight of the Divine Craftsman putting His Whole Self into His work. We should not have seen Him delighting in the simple beauty of some hand-made household utensil or doing His best to give the right turn to a plow-handle.

We might have known that He worked, but we should never have had the picture of Him taking a pride in His work, glorifying such humble toil by bending to it not only His body, but also His thought. There would be a certain incompleteness in His assumption of our humanity. Mechanism would have prevented Him expressing that humanity in His workmanship.

A MECHANIC may be very human up to a point, but at that point he becomes a part of the machine he tends. The artist and even the artisan remains a man while he follows his special avocation, but the modern industrialist plays only a part, and often a very small part, in a manufacturing process which he does not comprehend as a whole and into which he cannot intelligently enter. That is why the artist-type always seems more human than one engaged in superintending machinery. It would seem that the purpose of the Incarnation necessitated that Our

Lord should have been some kind of craftsman.

Being a craftsman He was no half-man. Our civilization tends to draw a sharp line of division between brain-workers and hand-workers. The brain-worker develops his mental powers to an unusual degree of acuteness. He thinks quickly and is alert to what goes on about him. But his brain is developed at the expense of the rest of his body.

Ten to one he will be nervous and irritable. He lacks healthy contact with the physical world. There is a want of poise in his manner—the poise which is so evident in the peasant with his feet planted firmly on the soil. Being unable to cater for his own bodily needs, he is dependent on those who can do so and leads an artificial existence remote from the actualities of nature. In truth, he is a parasite who but for the humble manual worker would not be able to live for a day.

The specialism which limits his activities limits also his social outlook and sympathies. It is difficult for him to enter into the lives of that great mass of his fellows who labor with their hands. He has all the narrowness of one who belongs to a caste.

On the other hand, those whose occupation is of a humble kind suffer from a too great absorption in material concerns. Their minds become numbed for want of exercise. They tend to become mere beasts of burden, unable to look forward or backward. When released from work they can enjoy themselves only in crude ways and easily become the victims of coarse pleasures. Their drudgery has robbed them of powers of initiative, and they are easily mastered by the mass-mind or by self-interested leaders who exploit their ignorance for their own enrichment. The dull clay of their humanity is unilluminated by creative thought, and it is difficult for them to appreciate the art and learning of those more fortunately placed. They, too, have a narrow outlook and limited social sympathies. Thus the world is divided, each type tending to become more and more exclusively concerned only with its own interests.

THE craftsman stands between these two. He is both a hand-worker and a brain-worker. He is, therefore, a mediator who can bridge the chasm that divides the two classes of society. In him body and soul work in happy partnership, as they should. You may see the combination in his hands. The hand of the craftsman is a living illustration and parable of an alliance fraught with untold blessings for mankind. It is good flesh and blood, yet is it instinct with intelligence. Those delicate fingers look as though they could think. It is obvious that

they are accustomed to shaping things of beauty.

It is pleasant to think that the hands which Our Savior laid on the sick were the hands of a craftsman, and it adds to the tragedy of Calvary to know that the body nailed to the Cross was the sensitive body of an artist. But it is more profitable to consider in its larger aspects the suggestiveness of the fact that Our Lord in the daily occupation of His early years stood in this mediating position between the two extremes of humanity. The Incarnation was not that of a half-man, but of One Whose wholeness was evident even in His industry.

And observe, further, that the craftsman's personal pride in his work gives him a motive superior to that of the man who merely trades

fled there will be no docking of wages, and to avoid that is the real motive. The power that drives modern industry is the power of money. It is difficult for us to think of any other motive operating.

Yet the weavers, blacksmiths, potters, tent-makers and carpenters of Galilee, as of other places in that ancient world, were not wholly concerned with what they were going to get for their wares. They did not hurry to finish the job so that they might be paid but, on the contrary, seemed reluctant to part with it. Perfection is so hard to reach! Another touch may make such a difference! One's professional skill has a reputation to maintain!

CRAFTSMANSHIP has its standards of honor. It dare not put out shoddy work. It is a question of conscience. That seems very strange to us, but it was normal in the community to which Our Lord belonged. And the fact helps us to understand why He chose to be not simply a workman, but one of those workmen who have opportunity to give precedence to quality over quantity. I must confess that I find it difficult to think of Him as working under the present-day conditions with their standardization affording no room for individual genius, no chance for the distinction which must have marked His work.

Is it not clear that there is significance not only in the fact that Our Lord belonged to what is called the working-class but also in the additional fact that He belonged to the privileged section of the working-class known as craftsmen? Those early years of toil in Nazareth convey a lesson in Divine humility but they also give us an ideal of industry. They show us the Divine Humanity uplifting the life of the lowliest worker and making it like that of the Creator.

It is not enough to know that Jesus stooped to enter the sphere of industry. We want to know also how He wrought therein, how He treated the problem of work, what principles His life as a carpenter illustrates, the manner in which we of today, confronted with the difficulties of production which defy our best efforts to overcome them, can take Him as our model in the realm of industry.

Perhaps the conclusions to which we shall be driven in studying His life as a craftsman are too revolutionary for our liking. They point to the need for scrapping so much in which we have taken pride, by which we have measured modern "progress" and for which we have sacrificed the peace, leisure and contentment of our fathers. For this that we call "progress" we have even sacrificed our souls. Can it be that we are mistaken in having done so? Jesus, the Craftsman of Nazareth, would seem to suggest no less.

Legend

By Dorothy Fenwick

THE Lord, He had a paint-pot,
For painting angels' wings,
And tinting up the Pearly Gates,
And haloes, and such things. . .

And Gabriel used to mind it,
But oh, one April day,
The Baby Angels found the paints
And took them out to play!

And purple, gold, and scarlet . . .
'Twas dreadful just to see . . .
Those cherubs splashed their dresses in
Chromatic ecstasy!

Queen Mary had to hang them
Up on the line to dry . . .
Don't you remember that you saw
A rainbow in the sky?

his labor-power for so much wages. The modern workers in our mechanized industries are almost bound to become mercenary. What inducement is there for them to value their work for its own sake when all that they have to do is to punch a hole or turn a wheel incessantly?

Labor of this kind sends the mind forward inevitably to pay-day. It is that which matters. It is that which makes it worth while. Even if there is any desire to perfect what is done, to add some finishing touch, linger lovingly over the work of one's hands, it is impossible. Large-scale production demands speed. Quantity counts for more than quality. The wheels revolve at full speed. Pistons wait for no man. The conscientious, anxious to "make the best of the job," must bend to the inexorable demands of the machine. After all, what does it matter? So long as the boss is satis-

THE PLACE of the SINNER

By

Daniel B. Pulsford

UNDER what circumstances the awful purity of Jesus flashed its light on the foul places in Mary Magdalene's soul we do not know. He Who descended into Hell did not on earth avoid the haunts of sin and it may have been in some unholy place that the Friend of Sinners first met the woman of many lovers.

Startled by the contrast He presented to all others, she may have stolen a glance, amid the music and dancing, at His Face, and found herself haunted thereafter by the memory of it and unable to rest till she had found Him out. Or it may have been some girl-acquaintance, some one of the fallen sisterhood, who had first found peace with Him and shyly divulged the secret to one who, maybe, had once befriended her. We do not know.

I do not imagine that the miraculous change was wrought at once. It is more than probable that the first effect of His searching gaze would be angry resentment and proud self-justification. Conscious that it was attacked in its stronghold, impurity set up its hasty defences. We shall not be far wrong if we suppose that her lovers found her moody and that she answered angrily and drove them away that she might be alone to think. It is at least certain that He must have destroyed whatever happiness she had.

Self-justification proving vain, I see her taking refuge in remorse, self-pity, hatred of all who had aided her fall. But what could be done? Where could she go? Judas, we know, in



similar mood hurried back with the blood-stained coins and flung them desperately at those who had bought his soul therewith. Mary Magdalene, in the first throes of remorse, may have experienced a similar impulse.

LOATHING for the gifts that had purchased her smiles may have possessed her, driving her to rip costly garments from her person and tear precious rings from her fingers. "Take these back," she may have cried to some paramour, "and give me back my days of innocence!" You can hear the coarse laughter which such a gesture would meet. By and by she, too, would see the futility of her demand. What discarded silks and jewelry could bring back a happy girlhood?

She had been *bought*. The deal was closed, the slaver's bond signed by the slave herself. How could there be any going back on it? Nay, even if her lover had consented to humor

her whim and to consider their bargain cancelled, could that undo what had been done? Did the matter rest only with him? Ultimately it was not he alone whom she had to deal with. There must be restitution of another kind and in a different quarter?

At that point you have to think of remorse melting into repentance. She could not get rid of sin by getting rid of its effects. Parting from her paramour was but a superficial operation. She had not merely, from a human point of view, spoilt her life. The evil was infinitely deeper; she had sinned. God was involved, and God had to be faced.

GOD had to be faced! The thought mysteriously suggested the Nazarene. What Judas dared not do she saw she would have to do. There could be no peace else. "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned!" The victims of her wiles might let her go, might take back the price of her

bondage, but that would leave things much as they had been. Yes, she must find Jesus. Only He could pronounce the word of Absolution that would free her.

Did she then reconsider the question of restitution in a new light? There was that opalescent vessel she had never opened, the gift of a bygone lover, which was said to contain a rare perfume. There it stood, a reminder of former days, an emblem of all the wealth that fettered her. A brilliant thought, born of love's darning, to anoint the Prophet with this—this that was to have sweetened her own body for sacrificial altars of lust!

Does it sound somewhat startling to suggest that it was some such gift she broke over Jesus' feet? Surely an offering of that kind would be tainted; the object for which it had been designed would infect it. So many will argue. Yet, if its origin had been indeed that described, could the abuse of so precious a thing have been more effectively remedied than by consecrating it to the Lord of all loveliness?

It is a constant mistake to imagine that the abuse of God's gifts renders them unfit for His service. Yet the most glorious offerings in His Temple have been just those misused by sin. The penitent sophist and heretic, instead of accounting the intellectual powers devoted to error as thereby condemned, have been glad to contribute their learning to the service of the Church. The artist who has pandered to degraded tastes, the novelist whose imagination has been employed to inflame passion, the singer whose licentious songs have given music to unhallowed themes, all these have rejoiced to bring their several gifts to God and to exercise them on behalf of the Faith. "Money," wrote St. James, "is the root of all evil," yet it was Our Lord Himself Who counselled us to use "the Mammon of unrighteousness" in the service of God.

Shall that which has been the miser's curse, the gambler's lure, the thief's temptation find an honored place among the things men dedicate to the Holy One? Why not, unless we deem money itself evil. The fact that countless numbers had poisoned and drugged themselves with the fruit of the vine did not prevent Christ from

employing it in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It was in the same spirit that the Church took over the debased institutions of Paganism, baptizing them into Christian usage.

Thus was it—if our conjecture be right—that Mary Magdalene brought the unholy tribute to her beauty and scattered its perfume over her Lord. That was but restoring it to its rightful place.

She, too, in doing that, was in her right place. She had found the true Object for passionate devotion. Misplaced it had been before, given to those who were unworthy of it, who did not appreciate it. That, I take it, had been her undoing at first, as of so many others—giving to man what was meant for God. He had seemed to her—the man who found her a girl and left her a woman—almost a god.

It had been a joy to spend herself for him, to study his likes and dislikes, to wait upon him hand and foot, to be his servant. She was one

hands, her love had been abused, and, like the ointment, it also was discovering its proper function.

As there were those who would say that the gift of mercenary wooers was an inappropriate offering for God's Messiah, so some would declare that such reckless self-giving had no place in the presence of the Christ. It was exotic, extravagant and betokened an unbalanced mind. But the Lord defended her against her cold-hearted and decorous critics: "*Where-soever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memory of her.*"

DRY your eyes, Mary, for a morning is coming when, in the fragrance of a garden, you shall hear a Divine Voice speak your name and shall behold Him, Whose body you now prepare for burial, newly risen from the dead, and shall know that in Him you have life forever and ever!

But that was not yet. Before the joy of the Resurrection could be reached, her devotion must suffer the purgation of the Cross, and so achieve an even purer love. Breaking the costly vase, she wept for herself, but then her very heart will break, not for herself, but for Him.

All the world knows how this woman, once stigmatised as a harlot, stood beneath the Crucified and saw Him die. Some, thinking, like Simon the Pharisee, that one bearing such a character had no right to that intimate approach would deny the identity of the Mary Magdalene who shared the watch with Our Blessed Lady and St. John with the "sinner" who broke the alabaster box of ointment over Our Lord's feet. But they have forgotten Christ's words addressed to His host.

Blinded by their Phariseism, they have failed to see that this was indeed the place for such as she, that it was altogether fitting that, beside the Immaculate Virgin Mother should stand a daughter of Eve as a living trophy of Him Who came to call not the just but sinners to repentance. Without her the picture would have been incomplete. It would have seemed as though the Cross were only for the virginal hearted. It might have been inferred that the tainted had no place on Calvary.



of those who are meant to give, and give, and give. It seemed as though she had been born to be the devoted shadow of some man. It came natural to her. And then—as I see it—he had gone away, callously leaving her to her fate, despising the precious gift of her love, treating it as though it had been some cheap and easy prize and not her very life.

She had learned caution after that, and a cynical contempt for men's extravagant compliments. But though her heart had been thwarted, it could not find peace in anything short of perfect devotion. It had so much to give if only it could find one worthy of her love.

But the gift slept within her. None appeared who could awaken it again, none, that is, till she read the mercy of God in the eyes of the Nazarene. Then it was that gift of passionate devotion found its true Object. The very thing that had been her shame was now her glory. Like the precious ointment she bore in her

Such as she, it might have been said, must keep at a respectful distance.

The theory which distinguishes between the Mary Magdalene who stood within the inmost circle of the Passion and was greeted by the Risen Christ on Easter Morn and "the woman who was a sinner" is altogether in the tone of the Simon whom Christ reproved. The one out of whom the Lord drove seven devils is there, as the penitent thief is there, lest any of us, crushed by the memory of our past, should fall in holy audacity. She who brushed aside officious disciples to prostrate herself at the feet of her Savior shows here the same impetuous confidence in His mercy. The two actions are closely parallel and both invite us, in the courage of faith, to triumph over despair and to press forward to the Cross.

There is but this difference between her former action and this: when she broke into Simon's select company of guests, it was the thought of her own need which impelled her. But now it is His need which draws her. Formerly her tears were for herself; now they are for Him. That marks a notable advance. In the initial stages of our spiritual progress it needs must be that sorrow for our sin takes precedence of all else. We can but realize our need of His help. But the day comes—if the mystics report the matter aright—when we have no thought but that of our Crucified Lord. Such self-forgetfulness is love's apotheosis, the final phase of devotion. Mary had come all the way.

Even as a sinner she had "loved much." Disillusioned regarding human love, she might have quenched

altogether the fires of her heart, and, after the manner of many another woman, grown hard and harsh. Frustrated, the flood of desire might have become a poisonous marsh. It was her distinction not to fall in the belief that such love as hers must one day find its predetermined Object.

That faith was rewarded, and, when she met Jesus, all the pent-up devotion of her nature poured itself out. Reckless of criticism, deaf to censorious voices, she rushed to fulfill her destiny in Christ. She found Him, and in finding Him she found herself. At Calvary she stood on the spot marked for her from eternity. "Much loving" had led to sin, but, the sin forgiven, it led her here to the Cross to which ultimately all love points, to Calvary where all love finds its true place and fulfills its true destiny.

OUR GAELIC STRAIN

I ACCEPT with singular pleasure the Ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick in this city—a Society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked."

The words are those of the first President of the United States; the substance of them has probably been repeated by all our succeeding Presidents. Each of these in turn has been concerned with the glorious cause in which the United States is embarked and each has seen that no firmer adherence has been given to it than that of the American of Irish ancestry.

While then the bi-centennial birthday of America's own George Washington could be fittingly commemorated from 366 different points of view, one a day even for a leap year, certainly the 17th of March would occasion abundant matter for the historian, whether secular or religious, as well as for the essayist, whether a collegian in a nation-wide contest or one with the maturity, finesse and poetic justice of an Agnes Repplier or Willa Cather.

Celtic chivalry would merit significant reference to the tradition that when the British troops evacuated Boston on the night of March 17th, 1776, the watchword in the American lines by order of George Washington was "St. Patrick." But far more. It is no oratorical question to ask, Would the Revolution have been a success without the Irish contribution? George Washington Parke Curtis in

By

Daniel M.
O'Connell, S.J.

his "Personal Recollections" declares: "Up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished (to the American Revolution) in the ratio of 100 to 1 of every nation whatever." Mere numbers in an army do not constitute an effective fighting machine, but the Irishman's severest critic gives him credit for being a true soldier.

GRANTED the military soul quickening such quantity, the answer to the above question and to the history of the United States is decisive far more than it is interesting or speculative. The historian and essayist, if not the dramatist and poet, would be tempted too to pursue the spirit of the Irish in America down the years to our own day; the effort taking form perhaps in a volume, such as has appeared in the last few months from the pen of a distinguished newspaper man, Mr. Edward F. Roberts, "Ireland in America." (Incidentally it has a graceful Foreword from a journalistic brother and writer on historical subjects, the well known Mr. Claude G. Bowers.) The national and even international notice given to this book and the fact that Messrs. Roberts and Bowers are not Catholics illustrate the undying cosmopolitan romance

attached to the Emerald Island and its emigrant children.

Catholics, it is true, have always seen in Erin's seven and one-half centuries of tragedy, the compensating working unto good of Providence in the diffusion and preservation of the Church. While secular historians search the archives of our nation for the Irish names of soldiers, statesmen and philanthropists, the preacher has but to remind his congregation of the Celtic names of pastors, Bishops and Cardinals who are their household heroes in Christ. There is still need though of the religious historian who will study, write of and do full justice to the American priesthood of Irish descent. Much has been done and the work is being carried on, a notable example being that of the distinguished Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday. The cry for such scholarship is well illustrated by the fact that in Mr. Roberts' wholly unprejudiced book Archbishop Hughes is the only priest whose patriotic service to the United States is distinctly mentioned.

THE contribution of Irish genius to its adopted American home is as diversified as its cosmopolitan talent itself. The priest, the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, the doctor, the lawyer, the poet, the empire-builder, the trade-unionist, the philanthropist, each according to his own talent has given much in turn to the United States, from which they or their forebears had received a needy welcome. Of course there have

been traitors to the ideal, those who in popular parlance, bit the tender hand that fed them. Not an undue proportion, let us hope, to the universally wounded human nature that finds it so difficult to resist following the worst within us all.

Nor is it an undue proportion to judge by the distinction attached to an air-plane view of the names that follow. To keep within limits of space, I omit mention of those so dear to all Catholics, their priests. In such a panorama the alphabetical order is best followed.

TO MANY it may appeal as the logical, for the first on the roster is Commodore John Barry, father of the American Navy. Continuing the list of distinguished military talent we find: General Michael Corcoran of the 69th New York regiment; General George Meade; General Thomas Francis Meagher, Montana pioneer; General Patrick Francis Meagher of the Immortal Irish Brigade; the General Kear; General Philip Sheridan, whose military strategy and genius have been recently recognized by a popular biographer. The military

"... line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,"

and it will be gathered not only from above the Mason and Dixon line but from below it as well. A few names have been mentioned as a typical Celtic contribution to all the wars into which the United States has been plunged.

Popular tradition likewise attributes to the Gael a genius for statesmanship hardly less intriguing than that for generalship. An agricultural people at home, the Irish, due to economic and religious reasons, became en masse city-dwellers in America. Political power followed as a corollary of self defense and innate genius. On the authority of Mr. Roberts, the outstanding political character of Celtic personality would be Andrew Jackson, soldier-hero of New Orleans, empire-founder and the common people's President of the United States.

LEAPING the hurdles of time, Mr. Roberts finds a close and sympathetic parallel to Jackson in that idol of 15,000,000 voters in the last Presidential election, Alfred E. Smith. In the niche of intervening years are placed the historically enshrined names of John Calhoun, James K. Polk, James Buchanan. A definite list would be a herculean task. The present writer might cite in confirmation the complaints of the Chicago newspaper critics concerning Mr. Roberts' limited citations.

These Illinois protagonists were by

no means satisfied with the mention of Governor Dunne and Mayor Dever. The *London Times'* critic strikes a jarring note of criticism: "It is a curious fact that individual Irishmen have by no means gained such prominence in national as in local government in America." The explanation would be a still more curious fact if the bald statement made in the *Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1931, by Simeon Strunsky, is true, viz., Governor Smith was defeated for the Presidency because of his religion.

PERHAPS no stranger racial combination blends than the Gael's energetic love of military adventure and their quiescent, never ceasing quest for learning. Their native born generations in the United States have been enjewelled with an education often at the cost of severe sacrifices to the parents. The trait is an ancient heirloom from the Isle of Scholars and of "Hedge Schools." The early and later United States benefited by this inheritance. George Taylor, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was one of the many immigrant Irish dominies in this country; John Hancock, whose signature is so famous, Abraham Lincoln and Chief Justice Taney came under the influence of Irish dominies.

But the highest scholastic tribute is probably to be had in statements, such as the following from Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, Superintendent of the Philadelphia public schools: "Of all the immigrants who have come to America statistics show that the Irish immigrants produced the largest percentage of teachers in our American civilization." The medical profession is likewise indebted to Hibernian influence, as is evident from such names as Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. William J. MacNeven ("father of American chemistry"), Dr. Ephraim McDowell, Dr. John Byrne and Dr. John B. Murphy, who, in the words of an English colleague, was "very probably the greatest surgeon in three hundred years."

If John Boyle O'Reilly's

"For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day,"

be true, he, Father Abram J. Ryan, Theodore O'Hara, James Whitcomb Riley, Victor Herbert and other Celtic-strained dreamers in verses and melodies; those wielders of the same "mightier" pen in incipient American journalism, Hugh Gaine in New York, John Dunlap in Philadelphia and John Daly Burke in Boston; Augustus St. Gaudens, carver of monuments; James Hoban, designer and constructor of the White House, may attain an immortality to be denied the toilers in things more material. Yet the latter were necessary.

They were at times moral builders too. Some of their names have more than national recognition: John W. Mackay and his companions of the famous Comstock silver lode; the same Mackay and James Gordon Bennett, to whom were due the first transatlantic cables; Fulton, Holland and Delaney of ship fame; Samuel Morse of the telegraph; Cyrus Hall McCormick of agricultural implements; Thomas Fortune Ryan and William Corcoran of finance; James J. Hill and the Creightons of Omaha, empire-builders.

In the rise and development of trade-unions and the good accomplished by them the Irish-American had a share, beyond his numerical proportion. Cardinal Gibbons was their patron and protector in their infancy, a happy augury of their manhood which was to receive the higher blessings of the reigning pontiffs. The unsympathetic will point to the sad record of unspeakable violence and murder, "but," to use a very pertinent quotation from Mr. Roberts' book, "the wrongs against which they (the unions) used the weapon of terrorism are no less a blot on the name of humanity." What war has been without its unpardonable brutalities?

In the spirit of Washington's address to the friendly sons of St. Patrick, I quote from the *New York Times* a placating summary from its review of Mr. Roberts' book: "... he has collected enough ... facts to warrant his conviction that those Americans who are Irish by origin or descent have taken a part next in importance in the making and developing and directing of the country to that exercised by those of English birth or ancestry."

THE past though is a matter of history. What of the future? Will the native Irish-American strain continue its influence, virile, intellectual, religious, on our country? Or will it become a Lost Race? In the eyes of several friendly observers, the answering vista of the future is not too encouraging. Irish-American descendants, according to these seers, are dying out. The reasons? 1) Religious motives in refusing offers of marriage from those of different or of no faith or of no moral views. 2) Birth-control practiced either by voluntary abstention from marital privileges or by means contrary to the divine law. 3) The climate. How pitiable would be the bathos of a pacifist death in the United States of a race admittedly hardy, fearless, martial, whose forebears had carried on, suffered, stormed impregnable heights for faith and country! St. Patrick, after 1,500 years, the voices of children still cry for your help.

POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Bath-Tubs and Washington

DOLLY MADISON, we are told, had the distinction of introducing bath-tubs to the White House; and President Andrew Jackson achieved greater celebrity by having them thrown out.

Here is a symbolic picture of politics. The good and the bad, the progressive and reactionary, the cultured and the boorish, are ever intermingling or clashing, and vanquishing or nullifying each other, in American officialdom. For every Dolly Madison of an idea, there is an Andrew Jackson of an opposition: with the result that, in certain matters, our legislature is as much behind the times as a hoop-skirt; and a country which, by all rights, should be the world's current leader, has to look wistfully to lesser commonweals for light.

Of late we have gone *à la Madison-Jackson* in a bigger way than ever. Prohibition is banned by law, and law is banned by prohibition. We scrap our navy and, by means of Stimsonian notes, invite trouble with warlike Japan. Millions—one hundred and fifty-five—have been spent by our Government to stabilize wheat-prices, and have stabilized nothing but poverty. Our first billion-dollar Congress, back in 1917, was a wonder; but today, with times harder than ever before and a Treasury deficit growing as fast as a snowball running down a hill, our budget makes that first extravagant affair look like rigid economy. As if to guarantee the success of the depression, business is encumbered with trust and tariff laws that are quite as archaic and unsuitable to the present policy as the unsanitary conditions that Andrew Jackson insisted on restoring to a suffering White House.

Prayer has become a prime patriotic duty of every citizen these days: prayer that the light may break even in Washington, and the interests of the land be no longer victimized by the struggle of *pro* and *con* politicians who seem much more keenly bent on destroying each other's work than on constructing the good of the nation, and far more loyal to their party (hence, often, to organized prejudice and chicanery) than to true progress, progressive truth, and the sovereign people.

Bath-tubs have at last established

themselves for good in the White House. It is the desperate hope of the nation that reasonableness may likewise become, eventually, in official Washington, a fixture.

Greatest and Best

MAIL addressed in the past few months "To the Gamest Kid in America" hadn't the slightest difficulty, we are told, in reaching Clarence Hastings, City Hospital, Syracuse, N. Y. He was the fourteen-year-old infantile-paralysis patient who lived cheerfully for almost six months in a Drinker respirator, and then passed on, just as strongly, into the Great Silence. The lines of the poem might well be adapted to this young David of a spirit, conquering his Goliath of gloom:

His cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasty halls of Death.

All of which could remind one, by contrast as well as similarity, of a d'Annunzio story. A letter, addressed simply "To Italy's Greatest Poet," was promptly delivered to this literary personage. But, unlike our American lad, grinningly satisfied with his wavering little breath of life, the great d'Annunzio, insistent on a regular West-wind gust of fame, proved fairly small by refusing the letter, on the ground that he was not *Italy's* Greatest Poet—but the *World's*.

Glimpses of Possible Truth

A SMART man suspects that his knowledge is nothing. A genius knows it. A fool proves it.

A free-thinker is one who gives more freedom to his thought than thought to his freedom.

The only thing that many of us have in common with the Saints is that not even the latter were perfect.

Truth is the gold that lies deep in the earth; error is the wind that sweeps over it.

An agnostic is one who closes his eyes and then wistfully observes that he can't see.

Every time a blow falls on the Church it is the world that sees stars.

European Logic

WE UNDERSTAND that 3.75% of the British budget and 2.65% of the French would cover the amount due America. And because we are money-minded enough to expect that provision for such a percentage be made we are denounced abroad as "wreckers of the economic structure of Europe," "prolongers of the depression," "a race of Shylocks" and a lot of other things which go into the endless composition of international bologna.

England, for all her troubles, hasn't much difficulty in finding \$678,051,247 for war preparations, and France flips \$517,910,816—just like that!—to Mars. But Uncle Sam, all tangled up in his bread lines, must stretch out a beggar's hand in vain for what is overdue him, while the trans-Atlantic circus goes on.

What a cuckold the shrewd old Yankee has turned out to be! He would a-wool go to Mistress Europe; and the buxom widow, while weeping on his shoulder, rifled his pockets. Now, sticking out her tongue at him, she's back in the arms of her old love, Johnnie Mars. And our Uncle, like a typical ham actor in a melodrama of yesteryear, is bursting his manly chest with sighs and brokenly deciding, for the sake of the holy flame that was, to suffer in silence and forgive. It need not be mentioned that, with such ham, plenty of eggs should be served.

High Liver

MR. JONES had a very high liver—The highest, I think, beyond a doubt.

And each day, by the way,
It grew higher, they say,
Till at last—well, it blew his lights out.

Religion in Reverse

IT IS that the long arm of Hard Times has gotten even into the church and raised confusion? The case of Doctor Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the Broadway Central Methodist Church, New York City, would so indicate.

This divine favors comedy in divine service. Thinks the pulpit has been sober long enough in a land that is dizzy and that a good laugh is what your modern congregation needs. Let religion crack a few jokes, if it would

save itself from becoming too badly cracked for existence. The times are troublous and must be tickled with a discreet—or indiscreet (what difference?)—ecclesiastical feather. Sunshine is not a luxury, these days, but a duty. Etc., etc., blah-blah, and pish-posh.

And so the Doctor shared his pulpit with Mr. Strickland Gillilan, humorist and song-writer, who is remembered (?) for that masterpiece, entitled, "Out Again, In Again, Finnegan," and whose text for the occasion was so simple and touching that it must have gone straight to the heart of a spiritually famished congregation: "Laugh that off."

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Now is the time when only the extraordinary is ordinary, and the ordinary, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case, *tra la*.

Washington Waddle

REPRESENTATIVE STRONG of Kansas declares the President has "a remarkable grasp on the whole depression situation." How nice! But the trouble is: the whole depression situation has a remarkable grasp on us.

Recently, when a girl presented the President with some peach-blossoms, he mistook them for apple-blossoms. A natural mistake. We all, in the beginning, mistook lemon-blossoms for the peach-blossoms of Hoover prosperity.

The Governmental Deficit for 1932 now exceeds two billion dollars. Ah, nothing exceeds like excess!

Well, to judge from all those loud speeches down in Congress, our leaders are unquestionably eager to put this country on a *sound* basis.

Balancing the Public Budget seems to consist of letting the under-world have all the profits and the People all the loss.

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Mr. S— left a whole lot of money; But his folk do not thank him one bit.

For, alas, he was caught

And considerably shot

While leaving the bank-door with it.

What Fools in 1929

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Only yesterday the cult of success was thrice-popular throughout America. Nothing seemed hard or impossible to us. Were we not Americans? Super-folk? Here the boot-black of today might be the cinema-making or blustering Congressman of tomorrow. Here a hundred dollars by a little Wall Street sleight-of-hand, could be turned into thousands, if— Here some bluff and a "break" could twirl a man (if a crooner may be termed such—and the jury is still out) from utter obscurity to a popularity far more vital and intense than a Jenny Lind or an Adelina Patti ever attained. Age, sex, or previous condition of servitude, did not matter. Everyone could pluck himself a golden apple from the tree of the Hesperides, if he'd only take the trouble to lift a hand. In proof of it, there were Baby Peggy, Jackie Coogan, Rin-Tin-Tin, Aimée McPherson, and Rex the Wonder-Horse. Poof for Cato who, back in stupid old Rome, which couldn't compare with America as a seat of sensation and stimulation, mastered Greek at the age of sixty-five!—Why, here in this favorite land of the gods of Luck, were Senators who, at the mental age of two, were wielding our mighty nation like a tennis racquet. Yes, indeed; anything was possible in the U.S.A., and nothing was hard. In 1929.

We're Wise Today

BUT now—Alas, now we are not quite so sure. Our high priests of success are chanting in a minor key, for all the evidence is against them. The millionaire of yesterday feels more like the boot-black of today. The bottom has fallen out of Wall Street so badly that it looks as if it never can be put back; and everybody's fingers have been burnt so much that the lesson of withholding them from fire has been pretty generally learned—for the present. Crooners—well, they are being groaned out of existence, inasmuch as their freakishness has become more famous than themselves. Rin-Tin-Tin and good old Rex are no more: it having been discovered that the Gables and Garbos, if less intelligent, were more amusing. Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan have faded away from the fairyland of childhood, without any brilliant fulfillment of their early promise; and such successors of theirs as Mitzl Green and Jackie Cooper are accepted not blindly but

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Thus the old formula for success, "You can fool everybody, if you're just a little less foolish yourself," may require a new version: "You can fool nobody, unless you're a mental hop or two ahead of 'em and somehow convince 'em that you're at least a yard behind." Perhaps, at that, it amounts to the same thing; but, anyhow, it must be granted that "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," which have been our lot for the last three years, have awakened us from our long slumber in Bunkland; and just now it seems that you can't fool all the people even some of the time. It is harder for other people to fool us nowadays, you see, simply because it has become so much harder for us to fool ourselves.

Thoughtless Thoughts

IT is fitting that President Hoover should be so firmly behind an anti-hoarding campaign, inasmuch as the only hoardable thing which most of us now have left is a grudge against the administration.

No, Mr. Hoover, we won't hoard our money. But thanks, anyhow, for the compliment.

It is singular, isn't it, that Europe simply couldn't do its collapsing without a lot of financial help from America!

Motto of such money-magnates as Mr. Kreuger: Live until it hurts.

Modern instance: Man robs Bank and lands in Poor-House.

The agitation for 4 per cent. beer goes on. That's as it should be. The present seventy-five per cent kind is ruining the national stomach.

Japan's grievance against China seems to have been that the Chinese refused to let the Japanese wage war against them peaceably.

Romance

"My dear, you're so hard to please!" Came a poor hen-pecked hubby's wahoo.

"Now how is that so?"

Soothed his wife, sweet and low.

"After all, didn't I marry you?"



A SACK OF POTATOES

Illustrations by Florence Harrison

• BY ENID DINNIS • • •

SO THIS was Erin.

I was seated on the summit of a grassy knoll that rose gently from the purple bogland. Behind me there towered a mass of piled-up boulders which bore evidence of being an architectural effort of Man. A monument of the ancient, forgotten years before the coming of St. Patrick.

A pre-Patrick Erin did not interest me greatly, except in regard to the legend that St. Patrick converted to his own holy use the things which he found existing in the heathen land. That gentlemanly trait in the saint, commemorated in a popular song, had always appealed to me. There was a tradition that he had once said Mass on the pagan altar near which I now sat gazing along the streak of white road that led the eye to a smudge on the green landscape which would be the town of Ballinkillbray.

They have big names for small things in Ireland, and Ballinkillbray would call itself a town, not because the Irish favor the advertisement method of affirmation for determining values, but because the small thing is good enough in their eyes to merit the grand name. Erin does not make great demands of material things.

They had told me in England that I should find Ireland a different country to its sister-isle, but they had understated the case. I had, rather, found myself in a different world. Here men and women and children seemed, all alike, to be playing on a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground, gath-

ering up gold imperceptible to those who have not the privilege of being born on the soil. Heaven and Ireland mix and mingle in some curious way. And of the two perhaps Heaven is the more matter-of-fact. It is perhaps because Erin is a dream that it is a land of poetry?

MY THOUGHTS were running in these lines as I rose from the place where I had been resting to go in search of the flat stone which had served as an altar both to the Known and the Unknown God. As I rounded the corner, I discovered for the first time that I had not got the place to myself.

It was not a fellow tourist who had invaded the solitude, although I had been told that the antiquarians were the only folk who appeared to be interested in the historic spot. I had come across the kneeling figure of a man. He was kneeling right, motionless and rigid, before a boulder covered by a slab of stone which no doubt was the altar-stone of which I was in search. He had his back turned to me, and I noted the curious fact that although he was by no means a ragged fellow—he was quite tidily dressed—the soles of his feet, visible through his attitude of prayer, were naked. They were completely exposed although he appeared to be wearing shoes, quite decent ones, too. As I moved quickly away, with an embarrassed feeling that I was an intruder, I caught sight of his profile. He had not noticed me, nor was he likely to. His expression was rapt, like the pic-

tures one sees of saints. They strike one as unreal until one has seen the real thing.

I went back to my former seat. Perhaps I had been too punctilious? After all, I was in St. Patrick's country, and Matt Talbot's. My fellow-pilgrim would not suffer from human respect any more than those two gentlemen of Erin—in spite of the shoes. Matt's privities came to light when they found the cart-chain round his waist in the hospital, but it had not been human respect that had made it a privy.

I waited a while, and then someone, an elderly man, walking briskly, appeared round the corner. He was a cheery-rosy-cheeked old gentleman, and for the life of me I could not keep my eyes off his shoes as I saluted him. They were really very ingeniously contrived.

He returned my salutation; and as he seemed to be perfectly "on the spot" and ready to talk, we sat down on a convenient boulder and entered into conversation.

I COMMENTED on the view; and then we went on to talk of the traditions of the place.

"I suppose the people come up here on pilgrimage?" I observed.

He shook his head.

"They only think of the heathen associations," he said. "It was the place where the sagas performed their rites. It was St. Patrick's way to transform, not to destroy, but very few people care to come this way.

save itself from becoming too badly cracked for existence. The times are troublous and must be tickled with a discreet—or indiscreet (what difference?)—ecclesiastical feather. Sunshine is not a luxury, these days, but a duty. Etc., etc., blah-blah, and pish-posh.

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IT is fitting that President Hoover should be so firmly behind an anti-hoarding campaign, inasmuch as the only hoardable thing which most of us now have left is a grudge against the administration.

No, Mr. Hoover, we won't hoard our money. But thanks, anyhow, for the compliment.

It is singular, isn't it, that Europe simply couldn't do its collapsing without a lot of financial help from America!

Motto of such money-magnates as Mr. Kreuger: Live until it hurts.

Modern instance: Man robs Bank and lands in Poor-House.

The agitation for 4 per cent. beer goes on. That's as it should be. The present seventy-five per cent kind is ruining the national stomach.

Japan's grievance against China seems to have been that the Chinese refused to let the Japanese wage war against them peaceably.

Romance

"My dear, you're so hard to please!"
Came a poor hen-pecked hubby's wahoo.

"Now how is that so?"
Soothed his wife, sweet and low.
"After all, didn't I marry you?"



A SACK OF POTATOES

Illustrations by Florence Harrison

BY ENID DINNIS . . .

SO THIS was Erin.

I was seated on the summit of a grassy knoll that rose gently from the purple bogland. Behind me there towered a mass of piled-up boulders which bore evidence of being an architectural effort of Man. A monument of the ancient, forgotten years before the coming of St. Patrick.

A pre-Patrick Erin did not interest me greatly, except in regard to the legend that St. Patrick converted to his own holy use the things which he found existing in the heathen land. That gentlemanly trait in the saint, commemorated in a popular song, had always appealed to me. There was a tradition that he had once said Mass on the pagan altar near which I now sat gazing along the streak of white road that led the eye to a smudge on the green landscape which would be the town of Ballinkillbray.

They have big names for small things in Ireland, and Ballinkillbray would call itself a town, not because the Irish favor the advertisement method of affirmation for determining values, but because the small thing is good enough in their eyes to merit the grand name. Erin does not make great demands of material things.

They had told me in England that I should find Ireland a different country to its sister-isle, but they had understated the case. I had, rather, found myself in a different world. Here men and women and children seemed, all alike, to be playing on a kind of Tom Tiddler's ground, gath-

ering up gold imperceptible to those who have not the privilege of being born on the soil. Heaven and Ireland mix and mingle in some curious way. And of the two perhaps Heaven is the more matter-of-fact. It is perhaps because Erin is a dream that it is a land of poetry?

MY THOUGHTS were running in these lines as I rose from the place where I had been resting to go in search of the flat stone which had served as an altar both to the Known and the Unknown God. As I rounded the corner, I discovered for the first time that I had not got the place to myself.

It was not a fellow tourist who had invaded the solitude, although I had been told that the antiquarians were the only folk who appeared to be interested in the historic spot. I had come across the kneeling figure of a man. He was kneeling right, motionless and rigid, before a boulder covered by a slab of stone which no doubt was the altar-stone of which I was in search. He had his back turned to me, and I noted the curious fact that although he was by no means a ragged fellow—he was quite tidily dressed—the soles of his feet, visible through his attitude of prayer, were naked. They were completely exposed although he appeared to be wearing shoes, quite decent ones, too. As I moved quickly away, with an embarrassed feeling that I was an intruder, I caught sight of his profile. He had not noticed me, nor was he likely to. His expression was rapt, like the pic-

tures one sees of saints. They strike one as unreal until one has seen the real thing.

I went back to my former seat. Perhaps I had been too punctilious? After all, I was in St. Patrick's country, and Matt Talbot's. My fellow-pilgrim would not suffer from human respect any more than those two gentlemen of Erin—in spite of the shoes. Matt's privities came to light when they found the cart-chain round his waist in the hospital, but it had not been human respect that had made it a privy.

I waited a while, and then someone, an elderly man, walking briskly, appeared round the corner. He was a cheery-rosy-cheeked old gentleman, and for the life of me I could not keep my eyes off his shoes as I saluted him. They were really very ingeniously contrived.

He returned my salutation; and as he seemed to be perfectly "on the spot" and ready to talk, we sat down on a convenient boulder and entered into conversation.

I COMMENTED on the view; and then we went on to talk of the traditions of the place.

"I suppose the people come up here on pilgrimage?" I observed.

He shook his head.

"They only think of the heathen associations," he said. "It was the place where the sagas performed their rites. It was St. Patrick's way to transform, not to destroy, but very few people care to come this way.

Only those who realize that Calvary was a place of ill-fame, and that Christ died between two thieves, and one of them a blasphemer to the end."

I regarded my companion with increased interest.

"This might very well be Calvary," I observed. "And yonder"—I pointed to the patch on the landscape—"Jerusalem. That would be about the distance."

The effect of my words on my companion was most delectable. His face lighted up.

"Now, it's strange that you should be saying that," he said, "for I live in Ballinkillbray, and for years it has been a fancy of mine to consider that as being the road from Jerusalem to Calvary. I make the Stations on it as I come along, and 'tis a grand place for saying one's prayers, is the altar over yonder where the blessed St. Patrick set Christ, as it were, between the thieves, raised Him, as might be, over the bones of dead murderers."

My mind flew, as he spoke, to the rapt expression on the face of which I had caught a glimpse. A shadow of the rapture had come back to it. I suppose the expression on my own face encouraged him to continue.

"It's a quiet road," he said. "The people who use it are mostly those that come to study the history of this place, or who take it in with the show-places. There are quite a few of them. When I came to live at Ballinkillbray I started taking a walk out in this direction in the evening after my work. I am a shoe-maker by trade, and it keeps one sitting indoors." (I thought of the boots as he said that.) "Then it struck me, as it did you, that it might have been the road from Jerusalem to Calvary, by the distance. And I bethought me that I might make the Stations as I went along; and so I got into the habit of doing so. The only drawback was that one had to pass the time of day with the folk one met. I felt that at first."

"You mean," I said, "that Simon of Cyrene and the holy women can't very well be ignored?"

MY COMMENT fairly enraptured him. He eyed me with delight.

"You're a Catholic," he said, "and perhaps you're a bit of a mystic as well? I'm thinking that you are."

I looked at him in surprise.

"I'm certainly a Catholic," I said, "but why, may I ask, did you take me for a mystic? My remark was most matter-of-fact."

"Maybe," he replied. "But matters of fact can be made into horses to carry folk into another world. There are learned priests who will tell you that a mystic is someone who gets into touch with God without the use of any of his senses, or of what we

call his sense, but for us ordinary folk it's easier, as the saying is, to split the stone and find Him."

MY INTEREST in my companion was increasing with every word he spoke.

"Speaking of stones, that brings me back to what we were talking about," he went on. "It was terrible curious that you should have mentioned Simon of Cyrene because I did once meet him on the road. He had a sack that he was carrying."

"A heavy one," I suggested.

"A very heavy one," he said. "I had started out, in the late afternoon it was, to make the Way. The sun was setting behind Calvary. I made the first three Stations, meditating on them and saying a prayer as I went along. When I came to the fourth Station it suddenly occurred to me to ask Our Blessed Lady to come along with me and show me what had really happened. I don't know what put the idea into my head. There must have been something in the atmosphere that made it seem more like the real Road. Or, perhaps, something that took me back to my childhood when I had always longed to know exactly what had happened on that first Good Friday. Children are like that."

"I went on, praying to her and thinking my thoughts, and when I looked up there was a man sitting by the wayside. Beside him was a sack-load of something which he had evidently been carrying. He had set it down and was apparently hunting for something in the bog by the side of the path."

"He had a sad tale to tell me when I wished him 'Good afternoon.'"

"Ah, your honor," he said, for he evidently took me for one of the tourists who came that way, "it is sad trouble that I'm in. See the load of potatoes that I've set out to carry to the Widow O'Brien at the cabin at Five Trees, beyond the great stones. Not a quarter of the way have I done and I'm fair spent. I must take it back to Mr. Murphy that gave me sixpence to carry it there; and, see the sorrow I'm in—I've been and dropped the sixpence where I shall never be able to find it. And the saints help me, for Mr. Murphy he'll be wanting his sixpence back, and he'll not be believing me when I tell him I've lost it."

"He took a look at my face and then he picked the sack up and handed it to me."

"Feel the weight of it, your honor," he said.

"It was certainly remarkably heavy. He was rather a disreputable looking old fellow. I could well believe that Mr. Murphy might not accept his word too easily. But for me he was—Simon of Cyrene! One of those poor

folk who have the cross thrust on them, as it were, without the consolation of knowing the meaning of it. I have always had a liking for helping the Simons of Cyrene; and here was himself waiting for me at the fifth Station! 'Tis a grand thing to be making the Stations with the Mother of God! I kept hold of the sack that he had given me that I might sample the weight and, instead of returning it to him, I slung it over my shoulder. 'I'm going in the direction of Five Trees,' I said. 'I'll be pleased to carry it there for you.' He was not unnaturally taken by surprise at my offer. I could see that he had qualms about accepting it. 'You'll find it a deal too heavy,' he protested, but I persisted. 'What's less than half a sack of potatoes to a man like me?' And then I laughed and handed him a shilling. 'That's to show that I'm not out for getting some potatoes for nothing,' I said. 'Don't you fear, the Widow O'Brien shall get her praties right enough.'

"He looked at the money, cast another glance at me, and at his load transferred to my back, and then, thanking me and invoking due blessings on my head, prepared to continue his road, having apparently given up his sixpence as a bad job now that he would have no need to refund Farmer Murphy. When I took a look backward a minute or two later he was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps he had lain himself down to take a rest after his exertions?"

My companion paused.

"I'm telling you a story," he said. "It is a bad habit of mine. Are you wishing me to go on?"

I NODDED, emphatically, and he continued:

"The old man had been right. It was a heavy load. Very soon it began to gall my shoulder. I changed the poise, and stumbled a bit. I was not accustomed to carrying sacks of potatoes. I had no idea they could be so heavy. But it was Simon of Cyrene's load, and it was good to be carrying it. It was a grand thought! My thoughts went running on Simon of Cyrene. I recalled how, when I was a child, I had been puzzled because, whereas the Gospel story says that Simon was made to carry Our Lord's cross, the pictures of the Stations show Him, His blessed Self, later on, carrying the cross just the same. I had always hoped that Simon had not dropped out, and I had always longed to know what had really happened. It had grieved me, as a small child, to think that Simon might have left Our Blessed Lord to carry the full weight of the cross all by Himself."

"These thoughts engrossed me to the extent of making me forget for the time being the weight on my shoulder. I was reminded of it by a

feeling of sheer faintness. I was fairly pumped out by carrying that half-sack of potatoes! 'Well, glory be to God,' I said to myself, 'tis Veronica, the next Station, and they say that He was allowed to sit a bit and rest outside her house.'

"I GENERALLY made the Veronica Station a point on the road where there stood the ruins of a cabin. I liked to stand and imagine a low, flat-roofed, Eastern house in place of the roofless grey walls. But on this occasion as I sat myself down on the low wall in front of the gaping threshold I found myself watching it expectantly and wondering where Veronica would appear. I suppose my head had got dizzy and I was half dreaming and when she did appear she would be just a colleen.

"I got up, picked up my burden and staggered on. It was terrible heavy, that sack of potatoes. I shifted it onto my other shoulder and in doing so stumbled and fell onto my knees. 'Glory be to God,' I cried, 'tis the second time He fell, just after Veronica had wiped His face. But I've still got hold of His cross all right. And I've made the seventh Station.

"I got onto my feet and struggled on. But I had miscalculated my strength, or, rather, the weight of that sack of potatoes. Ahead of me, by the roadside, I could see some women standing outside a little group of cabins. I could find out from them if there was anyone who would take over my job. Some man, or better still a donkey, who could carry my sack of potatoes to the cabin of the Widow O'Brien.

"But the moment I set the sack down and prepared to signal to them a strange feeling came over me. 'So, after all,' I thought, 'Simon of Cyrene didn't carry the cross all the way. He gave in and our Blessed Lord had to carry it all by Himself.'

"It was a queer fancy, but it had gripped hold of me. The thought weighed as heavily on me as the sack of potatoes had done.

"So I picked my load up again. It was heavier, far heavier, than any sack of potatoes had any right to be. Why was that? I didn't answer the question. Perhaps I didn't ask it. I just thought of St. Christopher and his burden; and I remembered that I was making the Stations with the Mother of God.

"As I approached the women a little child who was with them cried out, 'Oh, poor man!' And the women looked round at me as I passed by. For pass by I did. That thought had gripped me—that whether or not Simon of Cyrene had carried the cross all the way it remained for me to prove. 'Twas a queer feeling. But it was up to me not to give in.



"I was set on carrying that sack of potatoes. . . ."

"So I just returned the women's salutation with a 'Lord bless your eyesight,' for they said some kind words to me, and then made a spurt, for I didn't want them to be interfering with me. I was set on carrying that sack of potatoes as far as the great stones, at any rate.

"That spurt was just too much for me. Just as I came to the point where the ground begins to slope upward rather more sharply I fell down again. It was a real nasty fall this time.

"That would be His third fall,' I said to myself as I sat up and wiped the blood from my face. 'And—glory be to God! I've met the holy women, so I haven't missed a Station.'

"I had now reached the spot where the road that you see down below us winds round the hillock to Five Trees. I could have deposited my load at the foot of the steep ascent and finished making my Stations before delivering the potatoes to the Widow O'Brien.

But no, I'll not be leaving Him to carry His cross up the hill,' I found myself saying. 'Not if I know it!'

"So I caught hold on the sack, which was lying at my side, and struggled to my feet. It was hard work getting up that little bit of hill there, but I realized now that an ordinary half-sack of potatoes could not weigh a man down like that. It was a grand thing to be making the Way of the Cross like this.

"By the time I got up here I was very near to the end of my tether. I set the sack down, just over there where I usually made the tenth Station: The stripping of His garments. It was my habit to kneel down and just think over what had happened then. But I found that I couldn't think." (My companion halted for a moment.) "I just shut my eyes tight, for I could not bear to see them stripping Him naked—Him!"

He continued in a lower tone still: "I moved on a step and knelt down

again. And this time I shut my ears—stuffed my fingers into them as hard as I could, for I would be hearing the sound of the hammers."

My companion pulled himself together.

"I always ended the Stations," he said, "at the ancient altar at the back there. The altar where St. Patrick said Mass. For then it was Calvary true enough, with the mystical Sacrifice showing His death. I knelt there and the evening twilight seemed to have changed into the twilight of dawn. And St. Patrick might have been saying his Mass—offering the sacred Host and the Chalice, the separated Body and Blood that show His death and burial. It was grand that Mass of St. Patrick's."

The narrator brought himself up with a jerk:

"Well, I had finished making the Way. There was that sack of potatoes to be delivered to the Widow O'Brien. I got up off my knees and went in search of it. It was lying on the spot where I had laid it down. I stood and looked at it. I had finished making the Stations. I was no longer Simon of Cyrene. Would it seem as heavy now as it had done, or would it be an ordinary sack of potatoes such as any man might carry with ease?"

"I stooped down and picked it up by what I took to be the mouth of the sack. But I had made a mistake. It was the other end, and as I did so out of the opening there rolled—a stone!"

"Another stone followed, and another. I had been carrying half a sackful of stones! Big ones. No wonder I had been weighed down. It did not take me long to realize the trick which had been played on me. That old rascal by the wayside had evidently hit on this means of eliciting the sympathy and alms of the unwary passer-by—the touring folk who would not be making trouble later on. He had tried the trick on me, not knowing that I was living in the neighborhood. But he had not reckoned for my offer of taking over his load. No wonder he had been somewhat taken aback. No wonder he made haste to be lost to sight, if not to memory dear, against I came back to look for him.

"I picked up the empty sack and looked at the pile of hard, heavy stones at my feet. They were hard, very hard, facts to pit against a dream, but in spite of them the thought that came to me was this:

"'Glory be to God!' I cried to myself, 'that I didn't find it out right at the beginning for then I shouldn't be knowing that Simon of Cyrene *did* carry the cross right through.'"

"I kept that sack," my companion went on, after casting a swift side-

glance at me, "seeing that circumstances had made it unnecessary to deliver it to the Widow O'Brien, supposing such a lady existed. I would have liked to have filled it with stones and carried it every time that I made the Way of the Cross, but I couldn't well do that, seeing that the story of how I had been taken in by the old rogue on the road got abroad. It was the good women who had seen me carrying it who got talking; and I was not for balking it, for it does a man good to hear a laugh against himself—and they had a big laugh against me carrying the stones all that way—especially" (the narrator's eyes twinkled) "when he is inclined to fancy himself as receiving heavenly favors of a supernatural kind. And—there

are more ways than one of making use of a bit of sackcloth."

I glanced at his decent clothes, and that remarkably constructed pair of shoes, and I did not contradict him.

"Anyway," he said, "'tis a grand thing to make the Stations with the Mother of God."

We parted on terms of intimate friendship. I remained sitting there after he had gone, gazing along the path in the bog which led to Ballin-killbray, which calls itself a town—Lord love it!—and to Jerusalem. I watched him as he wended his way back to his cobbler's wax and last; and I wondered if the Mother of God was returning from Calvary with a disciple whom Jesus loved?

So this was Erin.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

THE WILD ORCHID. By Sigrid Undset.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE. By Radclyffe Hall.

Also some other recent fiction:

It is a common and correct observation that pictures of Our Lord are always unsatisfying and that even the greatest artists, probably because they approach the task of portraying the Divine Lineaments with a sort of self-conscious expectation of failure, generally fall far short of their own standard of work. It is, therefore, no matter for wonder that Radclyffe Hall, whose hero seems to be a rather vague reincarnation of Christ, should have fallen so very far short in her portrait in spite of the fact that she has been widely hailed as "An Artist."

The Master of the House, according to her publishers, is her first book to appear since the *Well of Loneliness*, a somewhat doubtful "talking point" one would think, though there is no accounting for tastes. There is a certain device, one hears, that the moving picture producers are forever catching the public with, namely, that of advertising the screen version of some very, very wicked book and then, when the salaciously minded have rushed in throngs to witness it, to show them a picture so innocuous

that it might well pass the censorship of the most censorious member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. To name *The Master of the House* with the *Well of Loneliness* smacks something of this for excepting for the use of an assumed coarseness in dealing with sacred things, there seems nothing to amuse the seeker after illicit feelings.

But the question of interest to Catholics raised by *The Master of the House* is not so much that of matter as of manner for, though in its matter the book may be classified as belonging to the school of the deliberately ugly, its manner is quite otherwise and offers an example of a style that has been very highly developed by the modern pagan in his attack on Christian civilization.

At the opposite extreme of style let us take a recent detective story, *The Tabloid Murders*, by Clement Wood in which the author tells the whole tale in the form of extracts from a tabloid, *The Daily Star*, using the tabloid style from start to finish. Of course it is obvious enough that the author is laughing at the absurdities of the sheet which he pretends to quote, nevertheless his tribute to its

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effectiveness consists in the fact that it is his choice for the purposes of detective fiction.

Between the almost classical *Master of the House* and the well nigh unintelligible yelps of the Tabloid, the modern literary world has developed a number of highly specialized styles, many of which would have caused even so fierce an individualist as Carlyle to gasp with outraged astonishment, and among these is that of the short, terse sentence that had its origin in Continental Europe in the work of such masters as Ibsen and Maeterlinck and is now especially in vogue in the Scandinavian school. Arthur Hemmingway and other American authors of wide reputation have used this method and their success speaks eloquently enough for its popularity.

Now what is of interest to us is the adaptability of these styles for use in a more permanent form of literature, a literature which presents life and not the few most degraded aspects of life which the typical modernist delights to portray. In this connection it is well for us to remember that what is today called the realistic school is a purely transitional phase. No literature which deals with the exceptional and abnormal, as does so much of the modern writing, can be expected to outlive the fad that it represents. But that does not mean that its technique is also ephemeral and, while the subject-matter of our tentative approach to paganism will shortly change and the authors who deal with it be more or less forgotten in a few decades, the newly developed technique may well become an integral part of literature provided it can be turned to a more substantial use.

It has been said that our present age is one in which the technical is being developed for a more creative age which may be expected to follow on its heels. This is certainly borne out by our preoccupation with technique. Science, as we are all aware, devotes itself today to mechanical invention; we are making machines, our discoveries of new forces are turned at once to practical devices, we are measuring, adapting, prospecting in new worlds of knowledge, but, unless we are ready to advance the claims of Einstein, there has been no great creative thinking been done since Newton, no theory that may prove a synthesis of scientific knowledge.

It is equally true in the realm of art; the painter, the musician is at work on new mediums of expression but as yet we have nothing greatly original to express. So again it is true in literature, technique is being perfected, but the genius has not appeared who can turn that technique to creative ends.

And yet it may be that we are on

the verge. The giants come before the gods and there are some who may be judged by posterity to have reached the former stature. At least we may see the first attempts to turn what have been mannerisms heretofore used for base ends into a more authentic art. Among those who are thus experimenting for the future with the instruments of the present, the name of Sigrid Undset stands out prominently. In all her work, but more especially in *The Wild Orchid*, we may clearly see our modern technique employed in a more legitimate, because more natural, literature which deals with life as it is and not as it exists in the brain of hypochondriac or drug addict. With her the short sentence ceases to convey the curious sense to the reader of being keyed up by abnormal stimulants or anesthetized. Her characters are men and women as we know them and life as we know it moves inevitably on. Here, indeed, is true realism because it is touched with the ideal as reality always is. *The Wild Orchid* is but the first of a trilogy but already we anticipate the further development of this experiment in *The Burning Bush* which it is announced will appear during the coming summer.

CONSCIENCE. By Romano Guardini. Translated by Ada Lane. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

The Conscience, what it is and how it operates, is the theme of this exceedingly stimulating and suggestive volume, the value of which is enhanced for most of us by its brevity. In just over one hundred pages the author has covered with extraordinary adequacy a very difficult subject which he divides into three chapters, "Conscience and the Good," "Conscience and God" and "Conscience and Recollection."

There is no attempt to meet the many attacks upon the validity of conscience that have been made from the thousand different viewpoints of as many different schools of modernistic skepticism for this faculty, in the writer's thesis, is one of those central qualities that must be given credence by the practical common-sense of men.

His attitude may be expressed in a telling quotation from his first chapter: "We must," he tells us, "force our way through skepticism and overcome it. . . . 'We must allow the innermost element within us to speak. And that element knows that the Good exists.'" This is counsel to the practical man rather than the confutation of the philosopher, but if the practical man looks abroad and sees what is happening to the skeptical age, to the men who deny the validity of conscience as well as every other ethical sanction, if he sees the collapse of all standards of morals

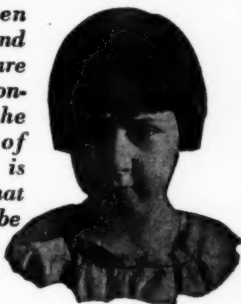
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and honor, the weakening of the human fibre of endurance, the failure to meet the terrible problems that face society with anything more than palliatives that are ceasing to palliate, the practical man needs no further proof, no further argument for the validity of the conscience that has ruled the actions of men in practically every age and is only now called in question.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS. By Romano Guardini. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$0.75.

Dr. Guardini, whose *Sacred Signs* and *The Spirit of the Liturgy* have already been well received, has now presented us with a series of meditations to be used in the devotion of the Way of the Cross. In this little volume of no more than sixty-eight pages the author has maintained his prior high standard of devotional fervor expressed with a restraint that renders it all the more impressive.

It is with the application of the tremendous truths commemorated in this devotion to the trials and temptations of every-day life, rather than to the great crises that call for a display of the heroic virtues, that Dr. Guardini is concerned and makes it of especial value to the average man whose problems are just these.

THROUGH THE EAST TO ROME. By the Rev. G. J. MacGillivray, M.A. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.15.

An extraordinary combination of interests is to be found in Father MacGillivray's new volume, *Through the East to Rome*, and which, told in

the author's delightfully simple and direct style, should recommend it to a large public. In the first place it is the story of a conversion reached

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after long studies and profound thinking by a man of unusual mental honesty. But to this there is added the attraction of a book of travel in strange lands and much matter of great interest to Catholic historians especially in connection with the early heresies and the return of groups of their adherents in the form of the Uniate Churches to the fold of Rome in comparatively recent times.

The religious situation in the Near East is one of great complexity and comparatively few Catholics in this Western land are acquainted with its details which have, nevertheless, an extraordinary interest. The process of reconversion of heretical bodies in that region differs very greatly from the conversions of non-Catholics as we are acquainted with them in lands nearer home for in most cases the liturgies and the major part of the beliefs are quite orthodox with the result that the point at issue is largely one of a mere acceptance of the authority of Rome that, once accepted involves very little change otherwise. Especially in liturgical matters the great wisdom of Rome has rendered this easy, for the Uniate Churches are not required to give up what has grown through the centuries to have the deepest traditional associations for their members and thus any strong wrench to popular feelings is avoided.

A further result of these peculiar conditions is that conversions of individuals, while not rare, are not the rule, and it is rather with large blocs of these separated brothers returning en masse to their true spiritual home that we have to deal.

For a long period, indeed, there were rival claimants of Rome in the field. The Orthodox Russian Church, the Patriarchate of Antioch sought, often with success, to draw groups of Nestorians and others into their schismatic bodies, and with these the Anglican Church often allied itself. No more curious example of this is to be found, we think, than that of the "Assyrian" Mission with which Father MacGillivray was at one time connected, which, sent out by the Church of England, had for its purpose the uniting of the Nestorians with Antioch.

With the almost complete obliteration of the Russian Church as a functioning body, and the dissensions in the Orthodox Greek body centered at Antioch, the way recently has been left more open to an eventual reunion of all these bodies with the True Church.

Father MacGillivray's volume should find a place in the library of all thoughtful Catholics.

A CHAMPION OF THE CHURCH. ST. PETER CANISIUS, S. J. By the Rev. William Reany, D.D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

As one reads the many accounts, biographies, stories that are appearing today about the great saints and doctors of the Church, one instinctively forms a mental picture of the mighty army of champions that through the ages has fought the battle of the Faith against the all but overwhelming powers of the world and feels the heart expand and the blood warm with the romance of that perpetual warfare. For the champions be many, yet God seems to have ordered it so that the thrilling quality of single combat casts its spell over each engagement as though it were the desperate defense of a forlorn hope.

The present volume of Dr. Reney's, in which St. Peter Canisius is the protagonist of truth has this character very strongly and, as the author points out in his initial chapter, the points of resemblance between his times and ours give it a particular interest to us as though we heard the trumpets calling to the conflict that we, ourselves, must wage.

The sixteenth century, like the twentieth, was one in which material inventions were changing the face of the earth. Printing had just been invented and it is doubtful if all the amazing devices of today taken together produced so vital a change in the lives of the masses as that which placed the printed page within the reach of all. However that may be, a period of spiritual and mental unrest, not unlike that which confronts us today followed bringing in its train a profound relaxation of morals and ethical standards generally.

It was the broadminded policy of St. Peter Canisius to take advantage of the new inventions for the defense of old established standards, a policy that our own great Pontiff is using today in his employment of the most modern methods of communication for the same great end.

TUFFY TAYLOR. By Bernard F. J. Dooley. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$1.50.

This is a good story for boys with no end of exciting episodes and plenty of action and if the style is rather lacking in beauty and the moral decidedly obvious, its juvenile readers probably will be none the wiser. That is, perhaps, the trouble. We do not, of course, expect the elegance of a Newman in an adventure story, but it is to be wished that a certain amount of distinction might be sought by our writers of boys' stories. After all, while courage and honesty are very basic virtues, they are none the worse for being expressed beautifully and we have no doubt that Mr. Dooley can do so if he wants to.

There seems to be an idea very much abroad that slipshod writing appeals to boys and that you cannot reach their sympathies and interest



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by any other means. This is a fallacy, though, perhaps a natural one. It may be the type of thing that boys hear in their contact with other boys, but boys are very adaptable and the gist, not the manner of a story is the thing that attracts them or the reverse. Furthermore if their own rather crude manner of speech is not counteracted in some way—and how better than in their reading—it is a poor lookout for the common speech of tomorrow.

Nevertheless the story is in itself interesting, though as we said, the boys will be none the wiser and that, alas, is the trouble.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM. By Thurber M. Smith, S.J., LL.B., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$2.00.

No argument is required to convince us today that the problem of unemployment is of overwhelming importance. We are all aware of it in almost every moment of our daily lives. Indeed it begins to assume the proportions of that dread question proposed to Edipus by the Sphinx, which not to answer is to court destruction. It is no local problem, nor is it confined within the limits of any state, but presents itself with almost equal urgency to all civilized peoples.

Being international in scope it requires an answer broad enough to be applied everywhere for localized methods are but temporary allevia-

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tions soon swept aside by the external pressure of events.

Viewing it broadly we may conclude that there are three international movements that are capable of dealing with the question in any degree adequately, namely, international finance, communism and the League of Nations. Of the first we may well despair for it appears to be without interest, of communism, while the interest is keen enough; its answer leads to one of two alternatives, complete social chaos or the "Servile State." The League of Nations, on the contrary holds out some hope, or would do so were it guided by an authority capable of offering a competent program that could be carried out as against national prejudices and conflicting interests. But there is only one such program and that is the program of the Catholic Church.

It is this program that Father Smith writes of in the present volume and it is because in this program lies the only practical solution of our difficulties that has as yet been proposed, that his work demands the thoughtful attention of all.

The author has taken for his guide the great, epoch-making Encyclical, the "Rarum Novarum" of Leo XIII and, after a wide historical review of the problem through several centuries, proceeds to examine in detail the application of its principles in

this age when the matter has become so insistent and acute. Today there is a growing disposition even among non-Catholics to examine the proposals of the Church since many are on the point of despair of finding help elsewhere and it is in the light of this fact that Father Smith's work is so timely.

The Unemployment Problem is the third volume of the *Science and Culture Series* that is being published by the Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee, the two former volumes of which, *The Christian Social Manifesto* by the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J., and *A Cheerful Ascetic and Other Essays* by Father James J. Daily, S.J. A number of other books of great interest are among those promised for the future including works by Dr. James J. Walsh and Hilaire Belloc.

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT'S "AIDS" TO THE BIBLE. By Hugh Pope, O.P., S.T.M., D.S.Scr. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$2.80 Net.

The vast mass of writing concerning Holy Scripture and its interpretation render it practically impossible for any but those scholars who devote their entire time to the subject, to make anything like an adequate study of the evidence upon which the Church bases its judgments and pronouncements on the meaning of its text. Of course, to those who are well

grounded in the Faith such complete knowledge is unnecessary to secure adherence of their reason to these judgments, yet it is also true that the more they become familiar with the evidence the more completely are they armed to do battle in the Church's cause.

It is for this reason that such a work as the "Aids" of Dr. Pope with the results of his profound scholarship so greatly condensed and yet set forth with such masterly clearness is so opportune in this busy modern world. For the enemies of Holy Church are busy and it is a duty incumbent upon all who are fitted for it to prepare themselves for so vital a conflict.

The present volume is number four of the series, the first three volumes having dealt with the Old Testament, it now takes up the Four Gospels and is to be followed in its turn by a fifth in which the remainder of the New Testament will be discussed. The completed work will be of invaluable assistance to the Biblical student.

MOODS AND TRUTHS. By Fulton J. Sheen. The Century Company, New York and London. \$2.00.

Dr. Sheen needs no introduction to American readers who have already tasted of his deep spiritual power, his wisdom and wit in such works as *God and Intelligence*, *The Divine Romance*, *Old Errors and New Labels* and many others, to say nothing of the many soul-stirring sermons that have become a feature of American life. In *Moods and Truths* he discusses a great variety of subjects with that keen insight into the core of things for which he is justly famous.

He has been called the American Chesterton but this is scarcely correct, although he has something of the great English author's ability to present things, not only in a new light, but in a light directly opposite to that in which we have been apt to view them. But this is meant in no disparagement of Father Sheen. Rather than Chesterton we should be inclined to compare him with Father Ronald Knox who, by the way, is also a brilliant and profound speaker, for there is something very similar in their attitude towards the superficiality of modern fads and isms, an attitude of humorous impatience that makes him delightful reading and should serve as a model to us all.

Humor, after all, is the ideal weapon against the ponderous twaddle that we hear on all sides today, twaddle that would be perfectly innocuous if the world had preserved its old Christian power of laughter and which, in any case, will die out in the not too distant future to give place to better or worse things.

As a patriot Dr. Sheen is perfect,

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knowing full well that this noble sentiment is not to be confounded with mere nationalism and that still less does it consist of a loud noise. His essay on "Patriotism True and False" is one of the best things in the book and in this he sees eye to eye with Chesterton who says somewhere that he criticizes his country continually because he considers it the most patriotic thing a man can do. The "one hundred per cent Americans" would do well to read his words.

THE MAID OF LISIEUX AND OTHER PAPERS. By the Rev. Albert Power, S.J., M.A. Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York. \$1.25.

Father Power's interesting new book, *The Maid of Li'eux and Other Papers*, takes its title from the first of the eight essays it contains, but it might as appropriately been taken from any of the others, for with Father Power first and last there is the thought of a defense of the Faith. So much so that even when he is dwelling on the lovable attributes of Saint Therese upon which he is so eloquent, these are adduced principally in support of his thesis.

The essays are very various in theme but the author's versatile pen deals with them all with equal readiness and there is much charm in the reserved ardor of his style. His keen appreciation of the beautiful, his scholarship and the quickness with which he seizes upon every point in its application to his principal subject give to these essays a great attraction to the discriminating reader.

NEW NEIGHBORS AT BIRD-A-LEA. By Clementia. The Bookery, Chicago. \$1.00.

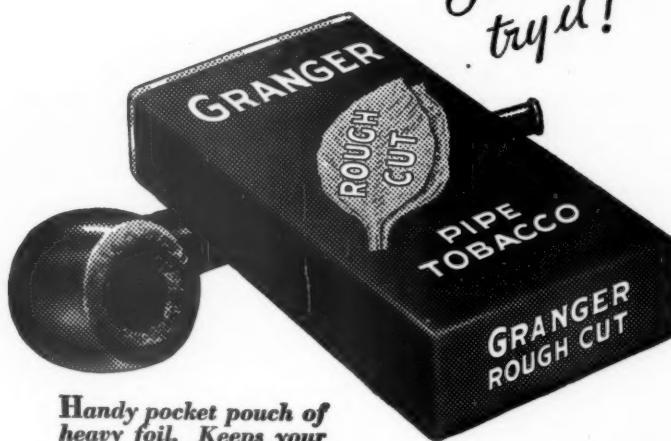
This is another of the Clementia or Mary Selwyn books according as we name them for the author or the heroine and which have won no little praise and a large number of readers for the fertile pen of the author. It is a pity that there is not more distinction to that pen, that the power of description is so limited and the episodes and situations are not very original, for Clementia has the knack of telling a story from the standpoint of action.



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smokes a pipe..."

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GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money con-



GEMMA GALGANI

tributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses Said	1
Masses Heard	33,279
Holy Communions	24,437
Visits to B. Sacrament	51,918
Spiritual Communions	99,492
Benediction Services	9,611
Sacrifices, Sufferings	60,390
Stations of the Cross	12,975
Visits to the Crucifix	38,806
Beads of the Five Wounds	69,269
Offerings of PP. Blood	508,829
Visits to Our Lady	40,437
Rosaries	31,827
Beads of the Seven Dolors	6,071
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,800,198
Hours of Study, Reading	51,522
Hours of Labor	66,184
Acts of Kindness, Charity	36,838
Acts of Zeal	66,994
Prayers, Devotions	681,987
Hours of Silence	64,430
Various Works	323,039
Holy Hours	21

++++ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) +++++

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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REV. GEORGE SELLINGER,
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SR. IGNATIUS O'SULLIVAN,
SR. MARY AIMEE DE MARIE GLADU,
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



BOWING ACQUAINTANCE WITH A BONZESS

By MICHAEL A. CAMPBELL, C.P.

ON ONE of those rare occasions when we had a heavy snow fall here at Yungshun I was out on the mountains in the late afternoon. Hoping to meet Father William who was expected from Paotsing, we had walked until darkness shut out the Valley of Perennial Peace. Evidently he had been delayed and would hardly arrive until the morrow. There was not a house within hailing distance, and, as I did not care to linger longer on the mountain top, I retraced my steps towards the city.

As I stumbled along on my way home I noticed how quickly one seems to cover the ground at night by lantern light. We could see but a few steps ahead of us and we appeared to be making little progress, so that we were scarcely aware of going down into valleys and climbing steep hills. Actually we were covering a good deal of ground and, before we realized it, we were beneath the city walls.

Our missionary work here is something like that, I tell myself. A great deal of the time we are groping along step by step, almost in darkness. It comes home to us that we have tackled a mighty task in setting ourselves to bring these people into the Faith. But I believe we are truly making an advance that is not apparent to us as we concentrate on the time-exacting details of each day. We are so hemmed in by the multitude of unbelievers that our Christian community seems like a forlorn hope giving battle to a pagan horde.

A great deal has been written, I know, about this pagan atmosphere in which we and our Christians find ourselves, but I do not believe that it can be over-emphasized. We seem almost to breathe it. Sometimes there comes to me an actual

physical nausea when I see the pagans running by the door with trays of rice, vegetables, meats, and paper money on their way to some shrine.

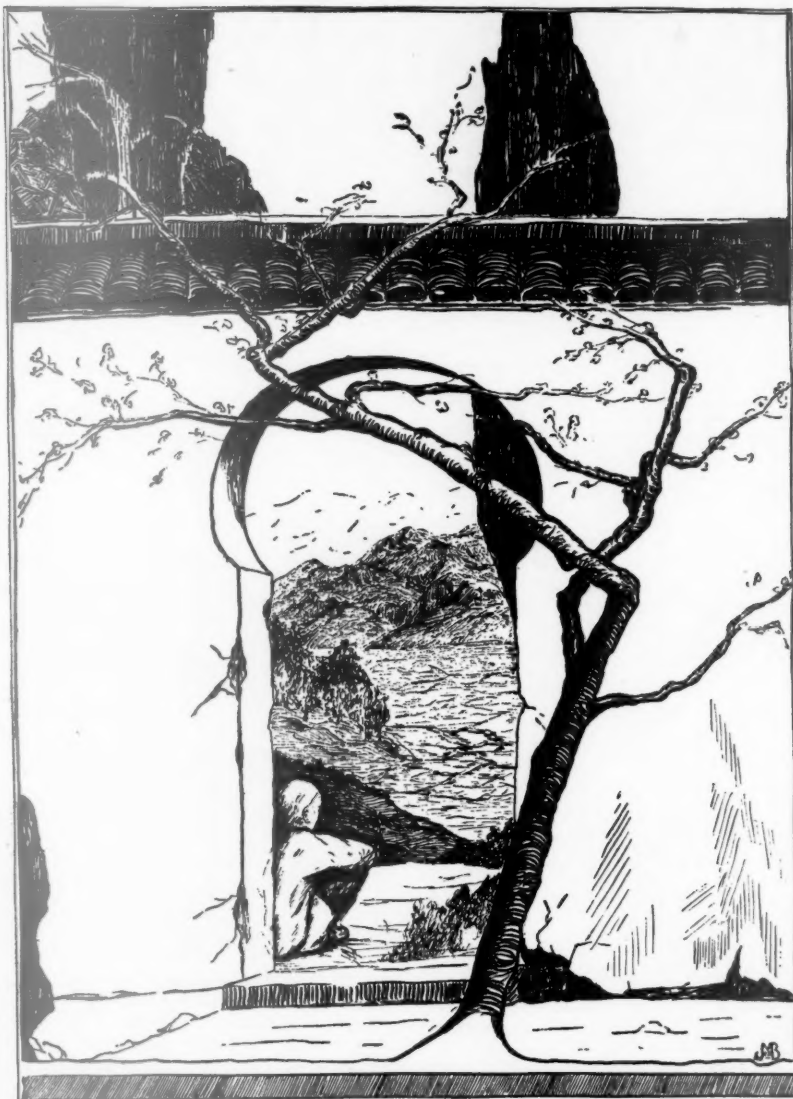
That feeling of revulsion came to me on my first visit to a temple in



Toddling along in padded clothes, this pudgy Chinese baby pauses to show us his beautifully decorated hat. But the carefully wrought ornaments are images of gods, and the jewelry about his neck is a silver ring and padlock to keep his soul from the clutches of the evil spirit. At times these superstitious ornaments are tied about the necks of children by Buddhist and Taoist bonzess. The missionary must be on the alert to prevent the faithful from yielding to the influences of pagan neighbors and relatives.

China. I had been in the country but a few hours when I entered a building that fronted on one of Shanghai's streets. There was a heavy fragrance in the gloomy room. As my eyes became accustomed to the ill-lighted hall I saw an oven of some sort into which Chinese were throwing bundles of incense. With a shock I realized that the fragrance was from incense offered to pagan gods. Idols were all about me. Before the largest of these was a cauldron-like affair in which piles of coarse paper, money for the spirits, was burning. Thick, red candles dripped their grease upon the altar. On heavy straw mats knelt worshippers who bowed profoundly and knocked their heads upon the stone floor. I shuddered. Here was the adoration of images of stone and wood spoken of in Holy Scripture and which, despite the stories I had read of China, seemed to me something from the far distant past. Here was the abomination of idolatry. From that moment I think the first commandment held new significance for me.

That experience has since been repeated many times, not only on occasional visits to temples but when pagan practices are forced upon my notice. At New Year time, for instance, there is always someone passing the mission gate on the way to a temple or shrine. Wherever we go we see incense sticks stuck through sheets of paper money: in rice fields, at the foot of trees, at the side of bridges, outside front doors. From my companion, Father Paul, C. P., I received a note recently written from our mission station at Shin Si Pin. "All kinds of superstitions are going on here," his note read, "and it is pitiful to see that even some of the Christians are deceived and led



Looking into the Valley of Perennial Peace from the courtyard of a Hunan home. Challenging, breath-taking heights confront the Passionist missionaries as they journey through their territory. But from lofty summits how often a magnificent view rewards the labor of climbing. Range on range of mountains, their steep sides terraced with rice fields by indefatigable Chinese farmers, stretch out to farthest horizon. As the missionaries zigzag their way down into valleys over broken trails they pass the humble homesteads of the country folk, framed in the beauty of bamboo groves.

astray unless the priest is watchful and both warns and encourages them."

ON MY way to this same station a short while ago I met one of our Christians, with his two year old son. What do you suppose I saw on the baby's hat? There were fifteen little images of false gods. The father had been to their maternal grandmother's home and he did not care to start a family row by refusing the ornamented cap which the old lady had given the baby. The young father said he thought there was no

harm in such a practice since he did not believe in the gods and he accepted the baby's decorated hat only because of custom. Why all the bother then about a few ornaments? Why worry if there is a silver chain or padlock hanging from the child's neck?

WE MAKE much of these things because of their significance. The pagans believe, for instance, that the padlock attached to a child's neck with a silver chain prevents it from being taken away by death. Sometimes the Buddhist or Taoist priests

themselves tie around the necks of children these superstitious ornaments. It is claimed that the silver ring hems in life in the body of the child and hinders the soul from being separated from the body, much in the same way the hoops prevent a barrel from falling to pieces. So were we to allow such practices to the faithful both they and the pagans would come to feel that there is little difference between paganism and Catholicism. We must be watchful and ready at all times to instruct and teach.

Indeed, instruction is never out of season here. No subject, I have noticed since I have been preaching in Chinese, so holds the people as Our Lord's Sacred Passion. I know that the story of Our Savior's sufferings and the lessons it teaches appeals to human hearts everywhere. But I believe it makes a special impression here on those who themselves know suffering so intimately. When they hear of the scourging of Christ, for instance, they are able to supply from what they have seen and heard vivid details of that barbarous beating. For torture, though forbidden, is at times still practised.

THE story of the Passion makes a deep impression sometimes even on those who have not yet received the gift of Faith. We have had an example of this recently in an old bonzess who visited the mission. About six months ago I met in Li Chia Wan, a nearby mission station, a young man who declared that he wanted to become a Christian. Truth to tell, he did not at first impress me favorably. He was persistent, however, coming to see me on each of my visits. Finally, after we had received some assurance of his sincerity, we accepted him as a catechumen. He has applied himself well. Several times on his return from visiting his wife and baby he asked if he might bring his aunt, a bonzess, to see our services. He said she had become interested after he had told her as much as he knew about the Christian religion. On his last visit he brought the old lady with him.

Her story is a strange one. Though sixty-eight years of age, she walked the twenty-five miles from her home to the mission. She lives in a temple, her own property, on a mountain top. The rice fields in the immediate vicinity are also hers, and by these she is supported. The doctrine she teaches is from ancient books in an unusual script. In fact, she can read only these and cannot recognize ordinary Chinese characters. Her disciples or helpers go about spreading this doctrine and telling folks about the shrine of the bonzess. At New Year time all her disciples visit her in her mountain home.

More than once bandits have robbed this unprotected old lady. Warned of their approach, she climbs into a tree near by and watches the thieves at their plundering. It is remarkable, her disciples say, that she is so patient. She has never cursed the robbers, never openly complained of the wrong done her.

The "big spirit" whom she adores has, she claims, no figure nor form and so cannot be seen. He is in the atmosphere, surrounding us at all times. He does much for her, but she had to do much for him in return. He demands obedience. Asked in what manner he is to be obeyed, she answered, "Like the Christians obey their priest." If he is not obeyed he will harm the offender. It is his office to open the gate of heaven.

She admits that this spirit and his shadowy helpers cannot cure diseases. She does not use charms as part of her profession. I mean to question the bonzess further about this, since she is passing up an unfailing source of revenue. Both the Buddhist and Taoist priests have promoted the use of charms and formulas with an eye to financial returns. Ghosts, spectres, evil spirits are legion to the Chinese mind. These malign influences must be thwarted, fettered and, when possible, destroyed.

CHARMS were invented to meet this need. We have to dip deep into the records of antiquity to trace their origin. But so rapidly and so widely did their use spread that popular Taoism as practised today is in large part a system of religious magic directed against the evil spirits who destroy the regular order of "Heaven and Earth" and harm man.

Reputed to be of enormous power, these charms are placed under the eaves of houses, attached to bed-curtains or worn on the person. Some are written as formulas. The paper on which they are inscribed is burned and the ashes swallowed in tea or water or wine. These written charms are taken as cures for every imaginable disease or pain that fastens on mortals. Take the proper formula and headaches melt away, gastritis disappears, coughs cease. Under their magic potency sore eyes are relieved, fever falls and epidemics are halted.

Since a fee is forthcoming for each of these formulas a thriving business is done by the bonzess. It will be interesting to learn why our friend, the old bonzess, has not branched out into this profitable line of spiritual assistance. But that the "great one" whom she worships is not outdone in power by lesser spirits is to be seen from the claim she makes that he can cause a dead person to sit up in a coffin. She says she has often been asked to bring to its home the body

of a deceased person who has died at a great distance.

She prays to her "worshipful spirit" and makes promises to him. The body is accompanied to the chant of prayers, the burning of paper money and the offering of incense sticks. Additional offerings must be made in crossing a bridge, since that obstacle offers special difficulties to the spirit of the deceased. The dead man's head is wrapped in white; but, say the pagans, if you see the face of this figure that walks beside the coffin you will find that you are looking at a dead man. When the deceased comes to a hill he has to be carried, for he can walk only on level places. Meanwhile, on this homeward journey, the bonzess performs special worship three times each day.

Shabbily garbed, the scars of her profession showing plainly on her closely shaven head, the old lady is far from attractive. She says that the bonzess virgins do not wish to be looked upon as women. This is the reason, I suppose, why we heard her addressed as "uncle" on her arrival here. She always speaks with her eyes cast down.

HER disciples do not like even the prospect of her joining the Church. You may be sure the devil doesn't either. If she is converted, however, I am confident that many of her followers will also inquire into this new "way." When she came to the church she made three profound bows before each of the altars, a gesture of reverence to these strange Powers to



The pagan atmosphere in China so surrounds our missionaries that they seem almost to breathe it. In countless temples adoration is offered to the images of false gods. Prostrate worshippers knock their heads upon the floor. From lotus-leaf incense cups and urns curl up a heavy fragrance to the hideous idols that people the temples. Paper money for the spirits of the deceased hangs in bundles from low beams, and thick red candles drip their grease upon pagan altars. This abomination of idolatry leaves its spell upon those who adore images of wood and stone and who in everyday life pay the tribute of fear to legions of evil spirits.

whom she was to be introduced. She carried her Buddhist beads with her for a few days, then threw them away.

The bonzess has not eaten meat for sixty years. The very sight of it seems to turn her stomach. There are, of course, many abstinence days observed by Buddhists in honor of the Three Principles, the Goddess of Mercy, the Nine Heavenly Emperors and others. But there are also perpetual vegetarians who take a vow never to eat animal food. The main and professed object of this abstinence is to obtain temporal blessings. This sect, to which the bonzess belongs, was founded by two Buddhist monks in the seventh century. Its members hope, by observance of the vegetable diet, to enjoy peace and happiness here below and the blessings of the Western Paradise after their death, or at least rebirth into a higher phase of existence.

We have reason to believe that she will become a Christian. At first she did not think of abandoning her own

religion to accept our Faith, but her nephew insisted that she come to learn something about the Catholic faith. She came. The Stations of the Cross have a particular appeal for her. The other services, she says, are most reverential and carry a spirit of devotion with them. Most of the time that she spent in the church when she came to visit us was occupied in praying in her own way, though she did learn a few prayers of the Church. Just another case of a soul addressing the "Unknown God."

SHE left here a short time ago, since she was expected back in her temple-home for the feast of the goddess of birth. I have never seen the idols in her shrine, so I do not know which goddess is venerated there. Kwan Yin, of course, is among the divinities invoked by mothers who hope for children. I have often seen small shoes deposited at the foot of this idol, placed there by a woman who was begging for a male child. In other places it is the Celestial Fairy

who grants children. This Taoist goddess is reputed to be none other than the daughter of the god who dwells at Tai Shan, the Sacred Mountain of the East.

Whatever goddess it may be who is to be venerated out on that lonely mountain, our friend, the bonzess, must be on hand when the pilgrims stream up the steep path to her shrine-home. It will be a big day. If the old lady goes through it without worshipping the idol she will have passed a real test. Maybe she will, for she admits that her idols are false and that the worship of them does not bring peace of heart.

May I ask the readers of *THE SIGN* to pray that she may receive the gift of Faith? Sixty odd years of paganism! It will be a painful wrench from old ways for the bonzess if she does come into the household of the Faith. But, then, God has a gracious way of making strangers feel at home, especially if they have really been looking for Him in their own way.

A PAGAN SIDELIGHT ON DEATH

By EDWARD J. MCCARTHY, C.P.

CLEAR, mournful, piercing, the sound goes right through you. Scarcely have the three sobbing, stabbing notes soared into the air and died away, than they are repeated over again with a cruel weird monotony that sends a cold shiver racing down your spine. Workmen drop their tools, children stop their play, bargaining ceases. All rush to the street. Instinctively you follow and learn that the buglers are sounding the signal for the death of a few local criminals. Curious folks are stretching their legs and necks to see fellow-townsmen going to execution.

Eagerly the crowd thickens on the narrow lane, but is careful to leave an opening for a company of soldiers to

pass. Two abreast march the soldiers, armed with bayonets that glisten in the sun. Militia, on the double-quick moving forward, guard the culprits, who are easily distinguished. The condemned are hurried along with bare heads, bare feet and with their hands tied behind their backs. The procession grows in numbers at every house and shop that it passes, boys and men following to see the affair to a close. Old women, no less concerned, would like to go along also, but their bound feet make it impossible for them to keep up with the stride of the soldiers. As for the girls, they dare not be away from home without mother or some elderly woman. Soon the upper structure of

the Yuanchow-Hwang Chia Kai Bridge trembles with the stamp of hundreds of people, pushing and jostling one another on the way to the execution grounds on the opposite river bank.

There is something about this milling crowd that suggests fight fans. They are laughing, joking, yelling with excitement; they are out for a thrill, for something exciting and spectacular. They are going to see fellow-citizens go down for the count. Their eyes are going to peer into gaping wounds, and gaze upon dripping blood. Is it any wonder that they are keyed up to a nervous pitch and cannot contain themselves? The river crossed, there is a traffic jam in the narrow alley turning off to the left. Then these execution fans go wild, break into a trot, run down the embankment and scramble for ringside positions.

FOUR unfortunate prisoners are being lined up a few feet apart, while soldiers are taking their places on the field. A squad of twelve executioners stands in the rear of the victims, the other soldiers forming a circle to hold back the surging onlookers. The stage is set for a Chinese execution.

And what a scene! What a contrast among the condemned men! Youth and old age stand side by side. A de-



Paper money has been placed over the eyes of this young man whose mother reached his side just after he was executed. She found him a gruesome sight for he had been stabbed to death by bayonets. Through blinding tears she stared at his bound hands and feet, then fell on her knees to tug at the bloody, taut rope that bound him. Even the curious, unfeeling crowd seemed touched by her bitter sorrow.

fiant, scowling-faced individual is next to a dazed, expressionless chap. Their eyes reveal the story of their inner feelings. The large, prominent black eyes of the youthful prisoner, a slight lad not more than nineteen, are sweeping the crowd evidently searching for somebody. The old fellow to the right of the youth is obviously a farmer. His skin has been bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; his shoulders are humped from bending over the plow and his feet are swollen from long hours of wading in flooded rice fields. He tries to appear calm, but his rapidly blinking eyes betray his dread at facing such a death. Next in line, the rawboned man with pock-marked face, thick lips and scalp disorder is just gazing into space, seemingly unconscious of his surroundings. Not so the short stocky lad at the end. His savage eyes are blazing with hatred as he glares at the onlookers, darts a sudden glance at the officer and contemptuously spits on the ground.

WHY the long delay? Oh, they are waiting for the officer. Here he comes, a slim, trim man in his thirties. Already on edge, the mob quickly pushes back to let him pass. Immediately the crowds close in again and follow him with their eyes. His glove-fitting uniform, and foreign leather shoes, nicely polished, give him an up-and-coming appearance against the background of slovenly soldiers attired in baggy suits and straw sandals. Conscious of his importance, he swaggers along eyeing the condemned men, turns with military precision, clicks his heels, folds his arms and speaks to the under officer who points to the criminals and calls off their names.

For a moment the tension is broken. In the fever of excitement a half-wit has crashed the line of soldiers and finds himself in the company of the two officers. It is like someone climbing into the ring just as the referee is bellowing, "In this corner . . ." With a crude sense of humor, a soldier seizes the simpleton, drags him a few feet and pretends that he will execute him with the others. Dropping on his knees, the startled man pleads for mercy as the crowd rocks with laughter and shouts with glee. Additional roars of amusement follow when the discomfited man is released. With a ludicrously amazed expression he elbows his way out to the frayed edges of the mob.

Now there is a dead silence. A command rings out. As the four unfortunate are pushed on their knees, the spectators rise on their toes and strain their eyes for action. Another hush grips the people. Something is happening. It is the head officer ordering the oldest of the victims to be brought out in front and made to face



A farmer washing water-lily roots in a stream before bringing them to market. These roots are considered a rare delicacy.

the other three going to their death. Wondering what it is all about, the crowd begins to buzz.

"Kill!" shouts the officer. In a flash the three younger criminals are hurled on their faces, flat against the ground. The executioners swing back their bayonets, lunge forward and charge into the backs of the three youths. As the blades tear through flesh the blood spurts out and staccato curses, agonizing cries for mother, howls of distress gush forth from the wounded men, whose bodies writhe in excruciating pain. But the executioners are merciless, driving their savage weapons, ripping flesh and breaking bones at each stroke.

Unable to control himself any longer, the old man glances over his shoulder at the soldiers apparently ready to leap, crush and kill. With eyes that plead more eloquently than words, he begs them to finish him, to end all this—the heartrending sounds, the ghastly sight, the cruel suspense. He is rudely told to keep his eyes on the others, for his turn will soon come. Only low moans and gasping sobs can now be heard. The dying men are turned on their backs, and the executioners, quivering with excitement, dash in and keep on digging until the officer says, "Enough! They are dead." Bloody bayonets are wiped clean on the garments of the butchered men.

Now the onlookers center their attention on the cringing, crouching old man. Perhaps, think they, a special torture—a more cruel death, if possible, awaits him. He trembles at the approach of the officer. The officer speaks a few, low words. What! Can he believe his ears! The look of distress on the old man's face changes. He rises. He is stunned and shaking. He wants to say something. His lips move but no sound comes. Tears are rolling down his cheeks. He has been told that he will not be executed. It was all just a scare. The

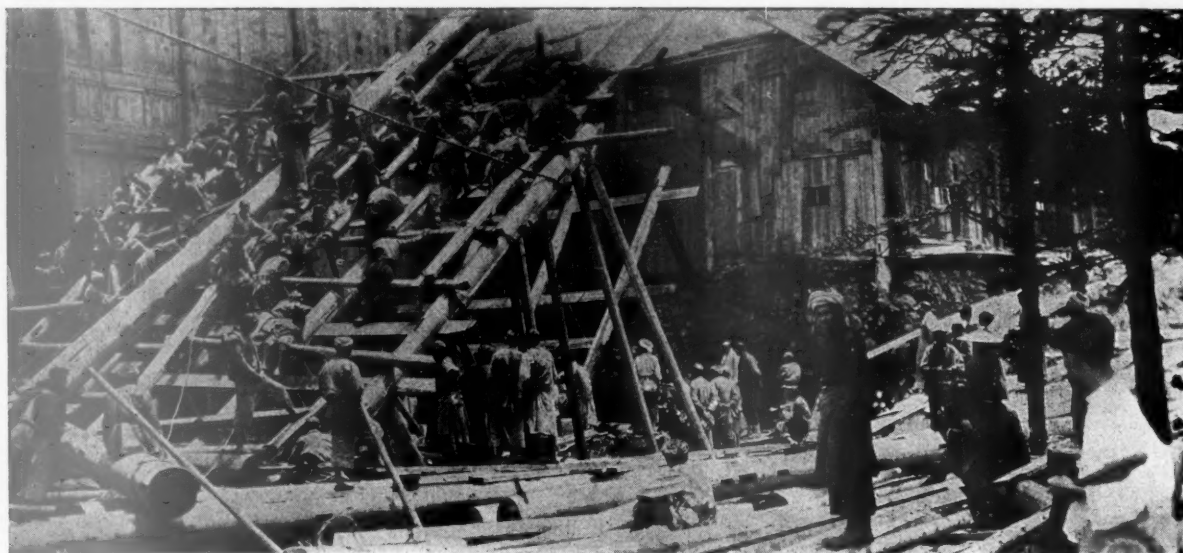
poor old fellow had almost touched death and the reaction is fierce. Credit must be given the soldiers who knew their part and played it perfectly. Now that the ordeal is over, they laugh hoarsely and poke fun at him. But he takes it in good part and smiles faintly.

"No crime has been committed by him," says one of the soldiers. "The other three lads just executed were fleeing from justice when they forced their way into his house and, at the point of a gun, demanded protection. Shortly afterwards the news leaked out, the house was searched and the four taken into custody. We just wanted to teach him a lesson and give him a good fright."

AGAIN the bugles ring out. The soldiers fall in line and march with slower step but with triumphant air back to the barracks. Now that the butcher boys are out of the way the mob presses in closer and examines minutely the bodies of the murdered men. One of the corpses quivers. "He's still alive!" yells out a little shaver. "No, he isn't," snaps back another, "that's the opium in his system." And a hot argument is on. Someone gives the dead body a little kick, somebody else tries to get the pulse; all have something to say.

Suddenly a scream vibrant with terror is heard above the confused sounds from the excited mob. All heads turn around and see a little old woman coming down the embankment, barely keeping her balance. She elbows her way through the onlookers until she is by the side of one whose body has been punctured with bayonet gashes, the youngest of those just executed.

Mother and son they are. For a moment the woman stands trembling with emotion, digging her fingers into the palms of her hands, crying out the grief that is breaking her heart. She stares through blinding tears at the bound hands, the open



Time is not at a premium in China, nor has the machine age touched Hunan. Here a group of workmen are swinging into position logs that have been prepared as a frame-work for a house. All the sawing, cutting and fitting has been done by hand labor. The laborers lift the heavy beams into place by their own peculiar chant.

mouth clotted with blood, the gaping wounds of her boy lying on the green sod now sprinkled with red. It is a gruesome sight for any mother to look upon. When she can stand it no longer, she drops on her knees beside the lifeless body.

SCALDING tears flow on the open wounds as she tugs at the taut rope which binds his hands and seems buried in his skin. Her trembling fingers slippery with oozing blood, cannot loosen the knot that has been made by tough, experienced hands. She uses her teeth and succeeds only in smearing the blood on her face. A big-hearted lad steps up and offers his assistance. She is grateful, poor soul. Her hands and feet are now stained with blood, but she is not thinking about her appearance; her only thought is of her dead boy. Down to the river she walks and dips part of her jacket into the water. She reverently washes his body, gently touching the wounds as though they may still hurt, for to her mother's heart he may not yet be dead. Arranging his jacket and trousers, she places his feet together, straightens his head and brings his arms close to his body. Then she runs to the store on the bridge to buy joss sticks and paper money. These she burns to the pagan gods, saving a few sheets of the paper to cover the eyes of her boy. She now leaves him, but she will return shortly with clean clothes and a wooden box for his burial.

The story is going around that the lad ran away from home. He joined the army, went wild, had it in for his colonel, deserted and turned bandit. A few days ago the colonel was being

carried in a sedan chair over the Yuanchow-Kienyang road. Eleven miles outside of Yuanchow the deserters were waiting for him. They sprang out from ambush, relieved him of his gun, and painted him black and blue, as bandits well can. Although quick on the draw, the colonel's body-guards made a sad discovery. None had thought to bring bullets along!

As was to be expected, the news reached Yuanchow before the colonel. He had "lost face" and was the laughing stock of the citizens, who saw only the humorous side of the episode. Naturally he was angry. Before his temper had time to cool he dispatched one hundred soldiers with orders to bring in the bad boys, dead or alive. They were soon rounded up. This afternoon the officer had his sweet revenge and his "face" back. A neighbor ran and informed the poor mother that her son had passed on the way to execution. She arrived too late to see her boy alive, but in time to prepare his body for burial and to keep back an irreverent crowd, who dared not touch this one corpse while she was present.

SATISFIED, the crowd of spectators breaks up to make room for late arrivals. A little group gathers about the poster at the end of the field to learn the names, offense, and other details of those just executed. Most of the onlookers do not recognize Chinese characters, so they are listening attentively to a youth dressed in school regulation uniform, who airs his knowledge by reading aloud and with over-emphasis the vermilion placard.

It is interesting to listen in on the conversations of the execution fans on the way home. The boys, especially, are having a great deal of fun. Here are a few youngsters chatting about all that has just taken place. One lad knocks down a smaller boy, mimicking the executioners by pretending to dig a stick into the victim's back and wiping the imaginary blood on the boy's trousers.

Now the talk shifts to other desperadoes and other public executions. "He was a brave bandit who wouldn't give information of the whereabouts of his henchmen, even though scalding water was poured into his nose to force a confession," says a tall boy with a knowing shake of his head.

"That execution last week was a thriller," pipes up a little fellow. "Three bullets were pumped into the criminal but there was still life in him and they had to call the bayonet squad to kill him. Do you remember the time the executioner's gun clogged when he tried to shoot? How the crowd hissed him! He certainly lost face."

"It was a happy day for the public when those fifteen thugs who terrorized the neighborhood were disemboweled," volunteered a fat boy who was puffing as he climbed towards the main street. He added, "Who wants to bet me thirty slaps on the hands that there will be another execution within ten days?" The bet is immediately taken up. The next execution may not be for a month; but then again it may be tomorrow.

But whenever it comes they will be there to witness it. They will hear the shrill, plaintive bugle call splitting

the air. They will see the crowd rushing for the street; they will follow the parade across the bridge. They will twist and squirm their little forms through the mob for a ringside place, and they will once again be on hand for a close view of a public execution.

JUSTICE here is appallingly swift. Often we wish that we could reach the condemned before the bugles

sound for the hour of execution. On several occasions our missionaries, when permitted to visit prisoners, have found them well disposed and have received them into the Faith. In many cases those who were about to go to death had been guilty of crimes which in Western countries would have been punished with a light penalty.

Thrust upon the missionary by

such customs and by the attitude of the public at an execution is the conviction that life here is held cheaply. Remember these people, please, when you speak to the God of mercy. For I am sure that public opinion would change were death regarded not merely as a further step in a series of existences, but, in the Christian light, as the final moment on which depends eternal misery or eternal joy.

THE FIRST BAPTISM AT NGAN KIANG

By GREGORY McETRICK, C.P.

WE BEST appreciate what costs us a struggle or a sacrifice. I suppose that is why my first baptism at the then newly opened station of Ngan Kiang has been an enduring source of consolation to me. It happened well over two years ago. Not only was it my first baptism in that town, but the young man whom I received into the Church was the first to be baptized in that entire district. He was to be the foundation of the Christianity of that section.

During the few months that I had been absent from Kienyang a mission station had been opened at Ngan Kiang. The seed was just planted, as it were. It was up to me to water it and to pray to God to give the increase.

I was fortunate in having as catechist for this out-station the one who had formerly served in the mission at Kienyang. He was a country gentleman of the better class, a typical farmer. A bit rusty in working with figures, he was not in the front rank

as a business man. Lacking some of the polish of his city friends, he was classed by them as a little uncouth. But in zeal for the spread of the Faith he was outstanding.

He had been at the mission practically from the time he was able to work. Certainly his devotion to the Church and to the priest was a quality that was invaluable. It takes more than a long gown and a salary to make a catechist. Not so long ago I read quite an inspiring article entitled, "Catechists: No Progress Without Them." The article was true in all its details. But catechists are of such importance that we cannot hope to develop them readily out of any material that comes to hand.

IT is not easy to start a new mission. There is much more to it than renting or buying a piece of ground and a shack and hanging out the sign, "Catholic Church." A good catechist solves half the difficulties. But he must not only be a good-living

man. He must have both the zeal and the ability to explain the doctrines of the Church in such a way that those who hear him may understand. Such a faithful son of the Church was Li Damian.

IMUST say that at first he didn't relish the idea of being changed from the central mission to a country town. "But you were born in the country, Damian," I said in surprise to him when he mentioned his preference for the city, "and you know that you haven't had the training to fit you for a city position."

"I know that, Father," he answered simply, "but when I am in the country I shall see very little of the priest." However, the transfer was the proper step. The town was one that Li Damian would soon learn to like and where he would find many opportunities to prove his zeal. He would not be long in fitting in to the position. Besides, there was this advantage, that the priest could rest



Ask the Shenchow pupils if they know what a picnic is! Chinese boys who are filled with ambitions to be great men in their country, and who really study with great diligence, have forgotten their books for a while. Father Quentin Olwell, C. P., who is shown here with this holiday group of boys, has consistently and self-sacrificingly devoted a great deal of his time to improving the mission school.



A minor altar in a temple. These formidable-looking idols do not inspire as much fear as might be supposed. The people have been so long on intimate terms with these hideous images and have so long hobnobbed with the devil that they have failed to meet their Creator. As China turns from her idols, should we not be prepared to give her God?

content in the knowledge that this mission station would be used as a mission and for nothing else. Abuses easily creep in unless a missionary is both vigilant and vigorous. Because unpleasant situations do arise the visitation of country missions requires an effort. Sometimes I think we should call them our Stations of the Cross instead of our out-stations.

THE next-door neighbors at the Ngan Kiang mission proved to be the first fruits of our efforts there. As Li Damian himself says, the necessity of bidding the time of day and of being neighborly forced him gradually into close contact with the Yao family. It was a contact that brought spiritual results. On each of my visits to Ngan Kiang the catechist insisted that I say a word to the Yao family. Since their home was just next door I could not object, no matter how I was pressed for time. Besides, they had in a way signified their interest in the Catholic Faith by coming to prayers daily and by assisting at the doctrine classes.

The mother was a likeable soul, with something about her to make one recall home and mother. She was the kind so often referred to as found rarely this side of Heaven. Her oldest son seemed to be her Benjamin. I took a great liking to this twenty-three year old lad the first time I met him. Simplicity and sincerity were written in his face and manner. That judgment I first formed of him I never had reason to change.

He was on hand the entire time on each of my various visits to his town. He thought nothing of hiking up to Kienyang, forty miles distant, to see me at the central mission. In his earnest efforts to learn the catechism thoroughly he was heartily assisted by Li Damian. But it became clear that he would have to make a great sacrifice to enter the Church. He was engaged to a pagan girl. All my efforts to have his family induce her to come to the mission and become a Christian were unavailing. They were not yet able to grasp the importance of marriage with the blessing of the Church, nor could they understand why much fuss should be made at all about what a woman believed.

I was dead set against mixed marriages in general. To have to appeal for a dispensation for the very first person I was to baptize in Ngan Kiang certainly was not promising. Young Yao, of course, did not take kindly to my hesitation about baptizing him so soon. In fact, my intention was to postpone his reception into the Church until his pagan spouse was converted. In any case, I felt it best to wait for some time before doing anything further on the case of this young man from Ngan Kiang.

"I've enough foolish affairs on my debit side as it is," thought I. "No use in putting any hasty baptisms on the red side of the ledger. It will be far better to wait to prove that he is not attracted by the novelty of a new religion or by some worldly motive,

for if he is he will be turned away with the first cool breath of opposition." I did not want to have to get up before a Christianity and say, as did St. Paul, "Thank God, I baptized none of you!" Slowness, I felt, was some guarantee of sureness.

BUT it was the dear Lord Himself Who upset my planning and brought about the baptism of the Yao youth. An epidemic of fever scourged the countryside. Among those laid low by it was my faithful catechumen of Ngan Kiang. The day I reached his home he was delirious, tossing on a bed of fever. His face was swollen beyond recognition. I felt the disease would soon claim him, so I decided to baptize him when his condition became dangerous.

He was beyond anything that I could do for him physically. But how I hated the thought of losing this first convert of the Ngan Kiang Church! I questioned him before I baptized him and it was strange that, even in his delirium, he gave some sane answers to me. It seemed so unnecessary to ask him if he was willing to be baptized. He gave me a look, as much as to say, "You know!" Hadn't he been faithful in everything? Hadn't he taken those forty-mile trips over the mountains to Kienyang with the hope in his heart that I would receive him into the Church? Hadn't he begged on his knees for baptism?

I baptized him and called him Luke. Purposely I picked this patron for him, for I wanted this Doctor and Evangelist to use his heavenly influence for my newly made Christian. It was late at night when the ceremony was over. The next morning I said Mass in honor of St. Luke that he might intercede for the sick youth who I felt was much needed in this territory.

Typical of one who from earliest days had heard much of evil spirits, every other word from the delirious Luke seemed to be about the devil. The apparently dying Christian feared the prince of darkness. I put a large crucifix in Luke's hand and placed a bowl of holy water near his bed. As much for the benefit of the bystanders as for his own, I told Luke to use the crucifix when the devil tormented him.

"You have nothing to fear from the devil," I told the sick man, "since you are now a Christian. You have renounced the devil and all his works. Heaven will be yours if you are faithful to those promises. The evil one will be around to tempt you and try to regain you, but hold fast to the crucifix and ask Jesus to show His power." The pagans around the bed listened with wonder. To my own amazement Luke got more of my words than I imagined he would.



This crippled old man came to the mission door at Wuki for an alms. Bowed down by years and by his affliction, he seemed to have a dignity about him which was more striking because of his poverty and suffering. He had begged his way for miles with a patience and cheerfulness that concealed his many severe pains.

To this day he bears about with him a remembrance of his tussle with the devil. Over one of Luke's eyes is a scar. He laughs as he tells how he gave himself a vicious crack when, in half-delirium, he swung with the crucifix at the devil.

Luke's fever was so high and his condition so threatening that I decided to remain longer in Ngan Kiang than I had first intended. I felt certain that I had a dying man on my hands, and I knew that Death would not stay away simply because his intended victim was one on whom I had built such hopes.

AFTER dinner the next day I went again to Luke's home. There was a great stir. The relatives who had been called were openly and loudly discussing the coming funeral. Their attitude sent a chill through me. Even though he were to die shortly, they might have the decency to wait until he was unconscious before speaking of his burial. I had the catechist remain with him throughout the night for I feared that some pagan superstitions would be attempted in my absence.

He seemed to be resting a little when I left him, but he was simply exhausted by the fever. A few hours later the catechist rushed in breathlessly to call me. It seemed that Luke would die soon and that the bystanders would insist on performing their superstitions. I had to push my way through the relatives who thronged the house. I took one look at Luke and decided that Heaven would be his before long.

The holy oils, ritual and stole were in my pocket. The catechist rushed to the mission to bring what blessed candles he could find. I put on sur-

plice and stole, lit the candles and passed them around. At my request the pagans knelt down. Their wailing and keening had seemed hollow, a mere pretense at grief. Here was an opportunity to show them the beautiful ritual of the Church and to impress on them that we treat the hour of death with reverence because of its tremendous importance. I sprinkled Luke with holy water and while I prayed for his happy death I still hoped for his recovery. I begrudged his going, though I knew for him it would mean entrance into the true Celestial Empire. If this foundation stone were taken away I had visions of the Church of Ngan Kiang being greatly weakened.

LUKE was about at his worst when I arose from my knees. The crowd of pagans in the room rose with me. They kept repeating, "Isn't he dead yet?" I suppose I lost my patience. Anyhow my hopes broke forth in words as I turned on his pagan relatives: "Dead! He isn't dead and he isn't going to die!" The chap was dying under their eyes. I imagine they thought me crazy.

All that night I stayed by his bedside. I was taking no chances on superstitions being performed. Besides, I wanted to be with Luke in his hour of need. In baptizing him I had assumed serious obligations towards him. Nor did I wish his relatives to

feel that my interest in him was less than theirs. This was a time when I must exercise my priestly power.

I gave a sigh of real relief when Luke finally took a turn for the better against all expectations. I had visions of him dying and of that crowd putting me down as an impostor. Who was I to tell them that a dying man would live? His living has meant much to the infant Church at Ngan Kiang.

After the fever had run its course and he was his former buoyant self I had him go to the central mission at Kienyang where he would find conditions more suitable for studying the doctrines of the Church, and where he could better absorb the spirit of Faith. Later I supplied the ceremonies of baptism which had been dispensed with when he lay so dangerously ill in the family shack at Ngan Kiang. On Easter morning I had the happiness of giving him his First Communion.

FROM Father Dominic, who is now pastor of the Kienyang mission, I hear regularly about my former charges. Luke has since been married to his pagan bride. He could not induce the country lass to enter the Church before marriage. But my latest letter from those parts tells me that now both she and Luke's devoted mother are in the catechumenate and will soon be baptized. Thus will be rounded out a Catholic family.



Squatting in front of the mission gate a mother feeds her children on rice. From tenderest years the children of south China learn to eat with chop sticks. It will not be long before these two babes will be making the effort to feed themselves from a bowl of rice.

Who Will Die Tonight?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19

Signed Witness

Witness Witness

◀◀ Painless Giving ▶▶

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish. Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: 3 Suggestions

1. Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and

maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They

do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars. At this time their needs are urgent.

MISSION NEEDS

2. Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the

support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy

young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3. It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To

give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest to you that this special provision be embodied in your last Will:

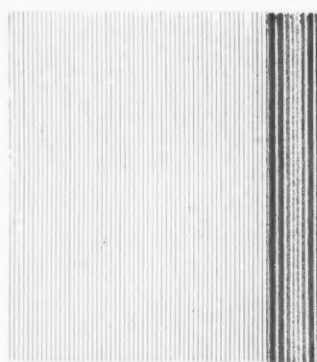
YOUR LAST WILL

This clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you may care to make for their benefit.

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.



What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purpose, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the educa-

WHERE PUT? YOUR MONEY!

Get a life income
Help Christ's cause

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or make
a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?



For Further In-
formation Write to

**PASSIONIST
MISSIONS, Inc.**
Cure of The Sign,
UNION CITY,
NEW JERSEY

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

tion of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **PERMANENCE:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **ABUNDANT YIELD:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **SECURITY:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **FREEDOM FROM WORRY:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **ECONOMY:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **STEADY INCOME:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

6%
TO
9%

